



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 39 – Number 3

September/October 2021

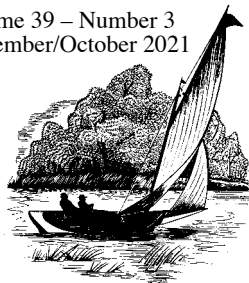
DOWNEAST CHAPTER
of the
TRADITIONAL SMALL
CRAFT ASSOCIATION



messing about in **BOATS**

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Can it be September already? Well yes, for you just now reading our latest issue. For me, writing this on August 1, summer is still ongoing. I am still getting adjusted to the long two month gap now between our issues, a length of time sufficient for much to happen between my choice of comments on August 1 and your reading them in early September. In not too long ago times this would not matter too much as summers passed by with our normal on the water activities little impacted by larger issues that have now descended upon us such as this covid thing.

From what I have seen, heard and read, this season's small craft activities have recovered from the 2020 "lockdowns" imposed by "social distancing" policies intended to thwart the onset of the covid virus. Essentially, activities at which we social animals might have gathered to enjoy each other's companionship and shared experiences were cancelled. It was our particular collective good fortune that we small craft folk could at least go on individually with family or close friends indulging in messing about in our boats.

As 2021 got underway it appeared that the stringent "directives" that destroyed the gatherings so essential to our human relationships in 2020 were being eased and so a season of activities was rescheduled and have been taking place so far (mid summer). I say "so far" for as I write this a rising tide of confusing information is flooding in with the onset of the covid Delta virus, said to be more easily caught. Of particular dismay to

those who chose to be vaccinated, the revelation that even those who were told that this would protect them against the dreaded virus are now hearing that it might not fully protect them from Delta.

So what might happen now in the next two months? A major issue to date in all this has been the confusing and sometimes conflicting advice and information we get from the "authorities" who are attempting to deal with what is indeed a serious health issue for some. Individually our daily lives, small businesses, jobs, schooling, etc, may again be disrupted as the spokesmen of medical science fall back again to reimposing simple old time tactics of attempting to keep us apart and requiring the wearing of masks to reduce the spread of those deadly aerosols.

Yes, whether or not we can go on into this fall with our 2021 season of small boat gatherings and events is not a major issue in the larger picture. So back to what I do, chronicling our collective messing about in boats lifestyle. I would like to think that in September you might wonder why I even thought in August that our daily activities might again be "locked down" while those in whom we have been asked to place our faith that they will "win" this "war" appear to still be struggling with just how to do so. I do so because what does happen does impact my ongoing chosen way of life. Time to again start planning how to keep on keeping on. I'll be back again in early November with what I hope will be an optimistic outlook for 2022.

On the Cover...

Frequent contributor Richard Honan took his just completed peapod *Waylo-Waylo* to the 15th (and final) Small Reach Regatta at Brooklin, Maine, in early July where he took our cover photo picturing the enjoyment of traditional small craft at its best on a calm sea amongst the Maine Coast islands under blue skies. Its conception history is summarized thusly:

"In 2006 a group of sail and oars boats gathered for an informal cruise in Maine to answer a question: Could we succeed here with a large gathering of such boats, inspired by 'Raids' in Europe and by the famed Eggemoggin Reach Regatta for classic yachts? The reply was an enthusiastic "yes" and for three more years like minded people sailed the same waters the ERR has sailed annually since 1985. This experience gave us our name, "The Small Reach Regatta," and we then became organized entirely under the auspices of the Downeast Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association."

No word has reached us as to why this year is the final one of what had become a highly attractive small boat messabout.

Robert "Mississippi Bob" Brown Loved Boats

"He always had a love of boats.
That was his true passion."

He paddled them, sailed them, rowed them and raced them. He built small boats for himself and others by the dozens and he created influential solo canoe designs used by major canoe manufacturers, which made his boats by the hundreds. He died May 26. The Apple Valley resident was 85.

Brown was born in Queens, New York, and grew up in Flushing, New York. He went to high school in Bloomington after his family moved to Minnesota because his father, a pilot and flight instructor, got a job working in aviation in the Twin Cities. As a young man, Brown served a stint in the Army where he was stationed in Greenland, and then in the Coast Guard, where he was a boatswain's mate in Alaska and on the Ohio River in western Kentucky. After returning to Minnesota, he went to work for the US Army Corps of Engineers, operating Mississippi Lock and Dam No 1 in St Paul and Lock and Dam No 2 in Hastings until his retirement.

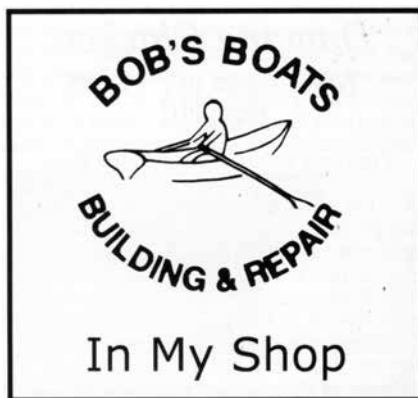
It was in Minnesota where Brown developed his love of boating. On family vacations in up north Brown discovered that the best part of fishing was being in the boat, his son Daniel Brown said. In the 1970s Brown built a redwood strip canoe using a design from the Minnesota Canoe Association, Daniel Brown said. Then he started changing the design to create his idea of a perfect boat.

That started a lifetime of designing and building boats, which he would put in his yard to sell so he could make the next one. Daniel Brown said he believes his father made 78 different boats, canoes, rowboats, kayaks and sailboats, using cedar strip and stitch-and-glue wood construction. Brown once helped his son-in-law build a canoe on an apartment balcony, lowering it over the side when it was done, said his daughter, Jan Brule. "He always had a love of boats," she said. "That was his true passion."

He began selling his designs to manufacturers like Wenonah Canoe, Mad River Canoe and Bell Canoe Works, which would make his designs in fiberglass or Kevlar. According to an article on Canoeing.com, Brown's designs included the C.J. Solo and Lady Slipper made by Mad River, the Bell Fusion and Bell Traveler and the Wenonah Rendezvous and Solo Plus.

When Brown started designing canoes, most solo canoes were intended for racing in a straight line. He helped canoe companies create a new type of solo recreational canoe that would be easier to turn, would handle waves better and could be used on a canoe trip or for fishing. "In his heyday, he was the preeminent solo canoe designer in the United States as far as all around boats go," said Mark Neužil, coauthor of *Canoes: A Natural History in North America*. "Other solos could go faster, most were designed by racers, but Bob had the best designs for the practical everyday crafts."

Besides the Mississippi River, one of Brown's favorite spots to take a boat was Lake Nokomis in Minneapolis. Sometimes he would see another boater on the water and ask how they liked their canoe, said Brown's friend, Bob Cure. Then he'd say, "I designed it," Cure said.



Missing Mississippi Bob

We have received word that Mississippi Bob Brown is gone, see obituary at left sent to us by Doc Regan of "Over the Horizon." Bob turned up on our pages in 1991 with a letter asking for sources of stitch-and-glue kayak plans, followed soon thereafter with a report on a messabout in his part of Minnesota. At the time he was an ardent canoeist and he felt compelled soon after joining us to explain why (see reprint at right). My early impressions (we never met, too far apart geographically) were of a guy out there on the water doing his "sit and switch" paddling ("hut-2-3-switch") which he extolled in an article explaining the need for the technique "in order to keep up."

Bob's contributions settled down into a more or less regular column, "In My Shop," in which he described and pictured a number of stitch-and-glue paddle, oar and sail boats he designed and built in his basement workshop. His writing was plain but clear and always arrived as typewritten pages, double spaced, accompanied by 4"x6" black and white photos." My kinda guy, I spent years editing and publishing material that arrived in those formats before the computer came along to complicate things.

Bob's contributions tapered off in recent years when caregiving for his wife took over their lives and ultimately they sold up the home (and shop) and moved into assisted living. From the obit you will see that Mississippi Bob lived a full life indeed and his many contributions to this magazine were much appreciated, not only by us, but also by many readers who so stated.



Why I Canoe

By Mississippi Bob Brown

I love to canoe, but then I also love most types of boating. I have worked in the boating industry since the late fifties and yet somehow the canoe seems to occupy a very large part of my time.

For years I worked as a lock and dam operator on the Mississippi River and I got to know a good number of the power boaters from our area. I would tell them almost apologetically that my boat was a canoe. Somehow I felt that my game must be something less than real boating. This feeling was based strictly on the size of our craft.

Over the years I came to realize that I was doing more boating, I was getting around more, and my boating season was longer than most of these power boaters. When I was working at my retirement job at one of our local yacht clubs I began to fully realize that I need not apologize to anyone about my choice of boats.

Okay, so why a canoe? Why not a sailboat or a rowboat? I have a small fleet and a barn to store it in. I own a sailboat, a rowboat, an outboard motor and several canoes. I love to sail. When I built my sailboat I used it a lot (I mean a LOT!). For several years sailing was my passion and I spent several days a week boating in its purest form.

A few years ago a friend gave me a rowboat. This boat sat on a rack next to my barn, unusable for lack of seats and rowlocks. This spring I finally got this boat useable and discovered that I love rowing. This came as a real surprise to me. Having started rowing opened my eyes as to what I found so enjoyable about the canoe. About the time that I was really getting into rowing I began noticing an old problem popping up.

With my row boat (half dory and half guideboat) I needed a trailer. It was just a bit too large to cartop. Suddenly the places where I could launch were reduced. I pass many nice canoeing lakes on my way to a launch ramp. I also learned over again that it's no fun waiting in line to back your trailer to the water.

I have for years operated on the KISS principal. For the few who haven't heard of the KISS principal it is, "Keep It Simple Stupid". I have been trying to live my life by this rule.

I know boaters both power and sail who are always looking for that new gadget that will enhance the enjoyment of their sport. I know canoeists who spend months preparing for a canoe trip that may cost them upwards of three or four thousand dollars.

Canoeing to me is a drive to some nearby lake (we have ten thousand here in Minnesota). I put on my PFD, untie the boat, grab a paddle and water jug in one hand and slide the solo canoe off onto my shoulder and carry it to the water. KISS, folks, that's what it's all about.

I would like to someday own a nice pocket cruiser. I am looking for that perfect boat that I can sail to windward, row in the calms, sleep aboard with a friend and easily load it on on top of my truck so that I can travel about the country. When someone can show me a boat that will do all that I just might put my canoes on the block.



You write to us about...

Information of Interest...

Something to Add to the Story

I want to comment on a reprint in the May/June issue that wasn't credited as its original appearance in print, "Schoolboy Epic Supreme," which recounted the response of the cadets (students) at the Culver Military Academy to flooding in Logansport, Indiana, in 1912. Not only do I live in the area, but I have something to add to the story.

1912 was a year for flooding along both the Wabash and Eel Rivers, so not only Logansport, but also Peru, Indiana, had floods that ran to 12' downtown. The Coast Guard station in Michigan City, Indiana (southeast corner of Lake Michigan), sent several pulling surfboats by rail to Peru to assist with rescue efforts.

In the 1960s flood control dams were built on the Wabash and Mississinewa Rivers. The Mississinewa feeds into the Wabash just above Peru and Mississinewa Lake is my primary sailing lake, though I prefer weekdays in the summer due to powerboat washing machine effect.

John Nystrom, Peru, IN

WoodenBoat School

Offering Online Video Courses

WoodenBoat School Director Rich Hilsinger is hosting monthly a new video episode streamed to viewers in the comfort of their homes. The "Mastering Skills with the WoodenBoat School" series presents a variety of topics pertaining to traditional small boats, their construction and crafts from seasoned boat builders Greg Rossel, Eric Dow and Milo Stanley. Rich and company will bring helpful tips, techniques and various approaches to building a small wooden boat as well as other woodworking projects including reading and understanding boat plans, laying out and cutting a stem rabbet, steam bending frames, spiling planks, wooden spar construction, scarf joints, interior joinerwork, building half models and lots more.

Run times are approximately 30 to 60 minutes. Subscription fee is \$49.95 a year. Site: www.woodenboatschool.org. Telephone 800-273-7447. Email: wbsonline@woodenboat.com.

Hands on Construction of Maryland Dove

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is pleased to offer the public a chance to be a part of history and join CBMM shipwrights this fall as they build *Maryland Dove*, a reproduction of the vessel that accompanied the first European settlers to Maryland in 1634. Scheduled for Saturdays October 16, November 13 and December 18 from 10am-4pm, guests are invited to CBMM's working Shipyard to hone their woodworking skills while helping to craft pieces of the new *Maryland Dove*. Currently under construction at CBMM, the vessel is owned by the state of Maryland and

operated and maintained by Historic St Mary's City. To learn more about the project, visit marylanddove.org.

Projects will include the construction of the interior cabin doors, the grated hatch cover and the binnacle. The cost to participate in any of these workdays is \$55 with a 20% discount offered to CBMM members. For additional details and to register, visit cbmm.org/shipyardprograms.

CBMM members play a critical role in supporting CBMM's rich legacy of educational programs, fascinating and ever changing exhibitions and maintenance of the large collection of Chesapeake Bay watercraft in the world and have access to exclusive discounts, perks and programming. To learn more about becoming a CBMM member, visit cbmm.org/membership



Favorite Places

One of my favorite places not mentioned in your museum commentary in latest issue is the Cape Ann Museum in Gloucester, Massachusetts. It was there that Dan Noyes, with a friend of his and I, visited seven or so years ago to examine the *Centennial* that Alfred Johnson sailed across the Atlantic alone in 1876 to celebrate our country's 100th birthday. Boatbuilder Dan took measurements which led to the handsome dory I call *Centennial II* that he built and launched in 2017. The story of the original *Centennial* as it appears on the Cape Ann Museum website follows:

Alfred Johnson's Centennial

In 1876, coinciding with United States' first centennial, Danish born Gloucester fisherman Alfred Johnson (1846-1927) made history with the world's first recorded single handed crossing of the Atlantic. Leaving from Gloucester in mid June in a small dory he named *Centennial*, Johnson landed in Liverpool, England, in late August, the trip totaling 66 days.

In his book *Cape Ann: Cape America* (1971), Herbert A. Kenny devoted a chapter to Gloucester's "Lone Voyagers" and to "Centennial Johnson," as Alfred Johnson came to be known. Kenny noted that Johnson's dory was not an ordinary one but rather had been specially constructed by local boat builders Higgins and Gifford to withstand

anything the unpredictable North Atlantic could throw at it.

The 20' long vessel was constructed of oak with reinforced planking and was decked over. It had a cockpit from which Johnson could sail the boat, a mast and a bowsprit. The sturdy vessel also had a centerboard (which ordinary dories did not) and watertight compartments below decks where Johnson stowed the gear he needed for his voyage. According to Kenny, Johnson's supply of food for the journey included condensed milk, canned meats, hardtack, tea, coffee and molasses. He also carried a kerosene stove.

Capt Johnson followed the North Atlantic shipping lanes, sailing at night and sleeping during the day. For navigation, Johnson relied on a compass. Midway through his trip Johnson's dory capsized in a storm. Miraculously he was able to right it after clinging to the overturned vessel for 20 minutes. He arrived in Liverpool on August 21, 1876.

Following a few months' stay in England, Johnson returned home aboard a passenger ship with *Centennial* in tow. "Johnson returned to Gloucester to high praise and feting," historian Herbert Kenny recounted. "After the feting he quietly returned to fishing. He lived to be 80, hale and hearty and happiest when he was playing cards." When asked in retirement what had prompted him to attempt such a dangerous feat, Johnson replied he had been a "damn fool!"



Then there is Lowell's Boatshop in Amesbury, Massachusetts, that wasn't mentioned. I took high school kids in my banks dory building class at Triton HS on field trips there in the mid 1970s. Later in the Rings Island Rowing Club years it became our Mecca. One beautiful June morning in our spanking new dory, student Dan Dudley and I proudly rowed toward our goal, its windows were open. Old builder Fred Tarbox and an apprentice were looking out getting a little air.

From the after seat I said, "Dan, look sharp, there are eyes upon us." One hundred yards out we got four oars in perfect sync and flew. BANG! The stem struck a forgotten nun dead center. The dory stopped, we kept going and landed on the floor. I'm sure Tarbox and his apprentice got a big kick out of the scene. However he, a quiet man, didn't laugh upon our embarrassed arrival. I, red faced at the time, have been laughing at the memory ever since.

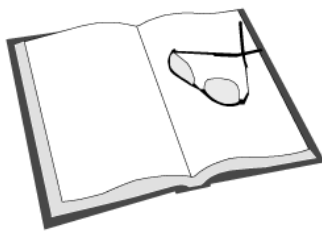
Pike Messenger, Middleton, MA

Our retired local Milton, Massachusetts, harbormaster was in his 90s and still a big reader. When he gifted me his tattered reissue of Alan Villiers' 1940 classic *Sons of Sinbad*, I could see it had barely survived multiple owners and many readings. I was entirely unaware of the author, his (not yet to me) famous sailing exploits and, to be sure, I was wholly ignorant of the book's subject matter. I taped it together, began reading and it proceeded to "blow me down!"

"Virtually nothing has been written about the Arab seamen of the Indian Ocean who were great shipbuilders and sailors thousands of years before the age of the clipper ship. The Indian Ocean sailing trade is finished now, but it was still alive in 1938 when Alan Villiers sailed with the *Triumph of Righteousness*. A big deep sea dhow from Kuwait, she was an almost pure survival from Phoenician days, from the most ancient sailing known to man. She was bound on a trading voyage down the east coast of Africa to Zanzibar and back to her home port. Alan Villiers graphically recounts that voyage, the events, the places and his shipmates, and with his unexcelled knowledge of seamanship he does full justice to the Arab sailors and their long tradition."

Certainly, quoting the above jacket notes provides the most accurate and concise summary of the contents of *Sons of Sinbad* (often spelled "Sindbad" in earlier printings). My 1969 copy of this mostly out of print classic begins with a "new" preface by author Villiers in which he aptly frames the historical "end of the sailing era" context for the story he had written 30 years earlier. Kuwait had just entered the era of big oil and had begun fueling the world's powered craft but its aging fleet was still sail only!

"Alan John Villiers (September 23, 1903 – March 3, 1982) was an author, adventurer, photographer and mariner. Born in Melbourne, Australia, Villiers first went to sea at age 15 and sailed on board traditionally rigged vessels, including the full rigged ship *Joseph Conrad*. He also commanded the *Mayflower II*

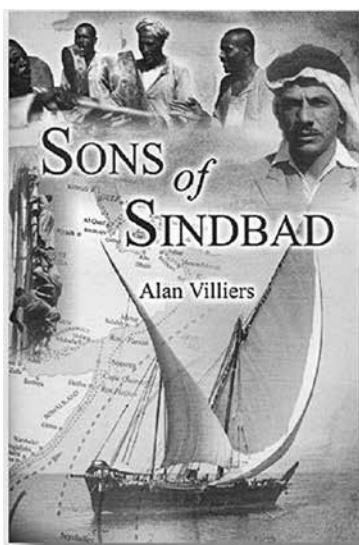


Book Reviews

Triumph of Righteousness Sons of Sinbad

By Alan Villiers

Reviewed by Spencer Day



on its voyage from the United Kingdom to the United States" (Wikipedia). His many photographs and even moving picture films can be easily found today on the Internet, once one knows where to look for them!

Villiers records his daily life aboard the boom (or boum, a class of dhow) *Triumph of Righteousness* as a sort of guest and observer. He provides us a vivid mental image of sailing life on this Arab dhow sailing craft as well as its people and the events in which he encounters them. Ironically, the biggest impact to this reader was the surprise to be schooled in something (anything!) of early 20th century Arab sailors' world views. Villiers seemed eager to illustrate his companions as shaped by their Muslim faith and the social pecking order they observed around themselves.

The flavor of the story changes as the dhow moves among the coastal ports and the owners (and passengers) carry on trading at each. Localized legal, social and religious pressures cause sailors to alter their behavior to align with their actual place in the world on a given day, over thousands of miles. Their exploits and discomforts were legion.

The journalistic style offered in *Sons of Sinbad* is impressive in its substance. The "inquiring mind" is naturally compelled to know more about the world of the author whose impact and influence in the sailing world has been, and continues to be, experienced by great numbers of us, sailors or not.



Arab sailing boom (boum) underway.

During WWII, the Portland, Oregon, shipyards built 322 Liberty ships, 99 Victory ships, 33 Attack Transports, 147 T2 tankers as well as 50 escort aircraft carriers and other craft, yet little is known about these yards today. How the construction of some many ships was accomplished is the focus of this book.

The first section is on the construction of the various shipyards in and around Portland, Oregon. The development of the "Victory" ship plan and adaptation of the assembly line concept to ship building is explained and some of the problems therein illustrated.

The second section is a close look at the various yards created (from the ground up) and how the various pieces of a ship (created elsewhere and shipped to Portland) were put together because of rigid standardization of all the pieces. The reason for the use of the triple expansion reciprocating steam engine to propel the ship is an interesting chapter as is also the initial problems of using women welders. Along with medical centers and housing for those staffing the yards, the Kaiser authorities also built and staffed daycare centers.

The third section of the book provides information on the other shipyards in the area that built parts for the big ships as well as numerous small craft.

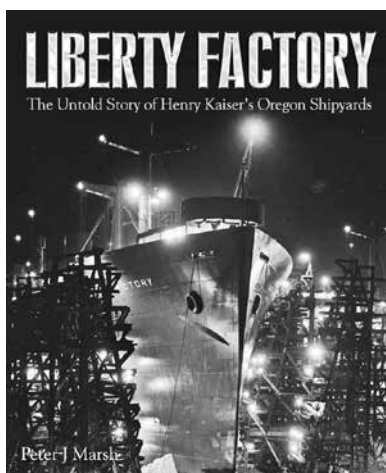
Liberty Factory The Untold Story of Henry Kaiser's Oregon Shipyards

By Peter J. Marsh

Seaforth Publishing 2021 - \$35

ISBN #978-1-5267-8305-9

Reviewed by C. Henry Depew



This 256 page (letter sized) book is full of photographs of all aspects of building a ship, showing the work in progress and the people doing the work. There is a fine index, a bibliography and source notes for those interested in knowing more about the construction of the freighters and tankers that carried supplies and troops to England and then the Army in Europe.

(Originally published in *The Ensign*, a publication of United States Power Squadrons, America's Boating Club)

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The Persistence of Memory

After Salvador Dali

Science claims that a body of water can retain the memory of a ship for weeks in the waves that radiate from its wake. Mortal memory, though, is a fragile and fleeting thing easily swayed by time and by those who may know better of a given day's events. One's first memory, and certainly those of a sailor with a penchant for yarns, should thus be weighed with due measures of salt from the sea.

The drumming of the rain beating on the roof drowned that of the pounding wipers as our Chevrolet crept down the causeway.

I sat alertly in my mother's lap as my father bent over the wheel, eyeing the road in the driving wind and thundering rain.

All who know of such things maintain that any memory from before the age of four can only be a composite of later events or more likely one implanted by stories or images shared long after.

Graybearded waves pounded rocks angrily sweeping over our asphalt escape. In the din I could not hear my parents speak, if an infant of one could even have understood, but I sensed their fear even as I heard the water's call in a language I seemed to comprehend.

We never spoke of that day again but the moment cast itself deeply in the blank slate of my memory. The fact that we were in Mobile that July day when Brenda struck was purely a coincidence and I was far too young to comprehend the scene, much less to be drawn in that frozen moment, and at that age, to the frenzied power of the sea.

To this day I am most grounded on open waters with waves rolling beneath my feet far from the sight of land.

But those who know better are sure it is only by chance that I alone among a family fixed on solid ground find my balance only upon the open sea.

And now when the eastern sky turns copper and the wind carries the musty scent of faraway sands, I am drawn to water as if to an old but fearful friend who once sensed that I alone lacked alarm on that long ago stormy day forgotten to all but the sea and by me. But then, as we all know, memories are merely fragile and fleeting things.

Sky Writings

Before an evening thunderstorm
the sky is yellow with lust
in the calm that precedes its wrath

The night before a hurricane
yields a crop of copper haze
to color the quiet that portends the storm

Such admonitions greet the coming day
in signs from the gods of the sea
to those who know their ways

These mere moments of warning
speak what life would say
to those who would see tomorrow

in the lingering light of today
words of warning whispering
in the silent language of the skies

At Sea Threads, Yarns, Musings and Verse

By Randy Cadenhead



Mermaid

Her long low lines ride through the waves
responsive as a horse and nimble as a cat
steady as only as she can be

In harbor she lifts her waiting bow
in greeting – her beam bending
with his step to welcome him aboard

She quickly conforms to her captain's
presence as he caresses her timbers
and tends her linen sails

for their time together
passing as a man of the sea
and a woman from the trees

alone on the waves and the waters
both dreaming they could stay
in each other's world once until forever

Source

Seawater is so much
of who we are

sweat tears and
even our red blood

a salve for the soul

a flood that belongs
to all and to one

It is part of us
and even more so

we belong to its
buoyant spirit

calling us home

with its ever present
lapping on the shore

of our thirsty soul

Shanties

He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea
(George Herbert)

An honest sailor, if there is such a thing, will reply to another's boast of never having run aground that the claimant is either lying or has never left the dock. I suspect something of the same is true of one who says he never thought he was going to die at some point at sea, and while I can honestly say I've lost count of groundings, my near death experiences are another set of things entirely.

My first such occasion occurred heading east out of the Miami Cut into the dawning sun with the tide at full ebb and a full headwind churning up a square 6' chop. My 27' sloop sported a poor 7hp outboard that submerged and sputtered in each trough, all of which could have been dealt with simply by turning back but for the line of cruise ships headed into port, leaving me without room or the courage to turn.

A few years later, on a tight spinnaker reach in the first hours of a Fort Lauderdale to Key West Race, I found myself wishing I was dead. Our boat rolled heavily in the offshore swells, pitching and careening windward with each passing wave. This would have been a worthy enough challenge had I not enjoyed more than a bit too much nutmeg in my prerace drinks the night before. Manning the lee rail in the depths of mal de mer, the relief I prayed for came unexpectedly in the form of a soaking broach and perpendicular spinnaker douse that altered my perspective, making me somewhat glad to be alive after all.

And then there was one near death experience one summer evening a few miles off Florida's west coast as thunderstorms rose and rolled out of the Everglades, enveloping our planned night's anchorage and surging to the sea and us. The gods were in such rare form that evening that one news network broke from its program to share the storm's fireworks on national news.

Considering with my sailmate our choices, I suggested we could either brave our way onward (a terrible idea), drop all sail and lock ourselves in below (not much better) or turn back and run like hell. The vote was unanimous so we set all sail, including the iron jenny, and backtracked with one wary eye on heaven's fireworks that, I'm glad to say, never quite electrified us.

As for groundings, the one I will share came while racing in a ghosting wind as I tried to take advantage of our shoal draft by catching what land breeze there was near shore. We passed boat by drifting boat until we glided softly but firmly onto a submerged mudbank from which we sheepishly watched the race finish.

As with most sailors, I have many more stories, but these, at least, are the true ones, well, true enough anyway.



To have so much fear

I'd swear never to sail again
is a good day on the water
Drenched to the bone
is only a joy if
you're racing a sailboat
The sea is a wife
who finds the smallest faults
and yet we love her
No one ever finishes
learning to sail
The sea can smell fear
and embraces no friend
yet we heed its call
Sailing is playing chess
with the gods of the sea
and praying for a draw

A Boat is Made of Dreams

There are no better liars
than two old sailors
making up memories over a beer
A wooden tiller
carves lines on the water's page
creating poetry in its motion
Wind to the sailor
is the coinage of the sea
its true currency
Only at sea
is travel truly timeless
Yachts docked together
lining a snug harbortt
in the sailor's ghetto
A boat is made of dreams
wishing to come true

Squaring the Circle

$A = \pi r^2$
The soundest way
to plank the frames
of a wooden boat
remains to this day
perhaps the first

an irony not to be
overlooked in this plasticine era
long past the bite of bronze
into the heart of cedar and oak

To set a seal that
not even time will release
first drill a round hole
through the shaped plank
and into an oaken rib

Shipwrights will tell you
that you must then
pound a square but tapered peg
into the circled void

After water and time
have applied their due
melding the ironic
into the mundane –
the incompatible
form a bond that is
strong enough to wed
the two into a whole
that can last for a lifetime

Such is a worthy lesson
for a lifetime and a metaphor
of sorts for all of life's time
and its many mysteries –
one square peg in a round hole

Lying Ahull

Eyebing from here ashore
on this chill winter morning
with the horizon broken
by houses still dark
against the red morning sky

I listen from my portico
to the dank north wind
as it gales through
the bare rigging
of the wintering oaks

calling from the sea
where lathered waves
sound fresh against
arching gunwales

as I wait here battened
against the season's blow
lying ahull aground
my sea anchor pulling me

to where dreams
may become shanties
soon to be sung
of yarns yet to be lived

Worm Holes

Sea worms bore their holes
in the heartwood of the soul
whenever one spends long enough
anchored soundly in the calm
of a warm tropical sun

There they take up residence
in the soft places left behind
by moments when contact
formed a memory and

longing seeps its subtle way
into the crevasses
between what we are
and all we share
in the call of the sea

One Sailor's Midlife Crisis

No two midlife crises are alike, but when
a sailor has one you can count on misadven-
tures to rival those of Odysseus. My own
midlife crisis came on time, at the age of 50,
and left me with memories for a lifetime and
perhaps another. Having gone through one
career, the start of another, a divorce, a hap-
pily ever after remarriage and a brush with
death, I felt I was due for a selfish moment so
I set about mine in my own misguided way.

During a season in Seattle in which I
worked on East Coast time, I used my after-
noons to discover the Center for Wooden
Boats (CWB.org) on Lake Union with its
fleet of Beetle Cats and other vintage wooden
dinghies. I found the feel of a wooden sail-
boat on and in the water was as natural and
organic as the wind passing through maples
on a summer day. The waters there seemed
to part as if in respect for something it recog-
nized as once having grown along its shores.
I wanted to own that experience and so set
about to find my own wooden sailboat.

After a time I found the "perfect" boat,
a 30' wooden sloop exactly my age. I knew
on first online sighting that it was meant to
be my red convertible, two seater sports car.
Having sea fever I bought it sight unseen and
shipped it from New England to Lake Lanier,
north of Atlanta, Georgia, my home waters.
Although its forest green topsides were
cracked and peeling with age, she had beauti-
ful lines, having been drawn by the hand of

one of the great boat designers and crafted in
the heritage of classic northeastern yachts.

Designed by William Roue of *Bluenose*
fame and built at the yard of Smith and Rhuland
in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, during its heyday,
she had low freeboard with a narrow beam and
sweeping overhangs from bow to stern. She
spared little room for cabin comforts, but had
a sleek shape to slice through the welcoming
waters that awaited her, or so I thought.

When my dream boat arrived on its
flatbed trailer I had her Sitka spruce mast
raised and rigged with its bewildering array
of stays, shrouds and spreaders, fit for and
as confusing as the mesh of wires on tele-
phone poles from my youth. As I stood on the
bow, my classic yacht was lowered into the
water where she unhesitatingly and shame-
lessly began to sink. Waking from my rever-
ie to a genuine crisis and almost saying
aloud, "What have I done?" I noticed, look-
ing down, that I could see through where the
deck should be into the forepeak and noticed
water pooling ominously.

Stooping to peer in I found that the
forestay had peeled the deck from the hull,
leaving a toothless and cynical grin in place
of the finely lined prow I had seen in her
"before" pictures. Panic set in, along with
no small amount of embarrassment, before I
dejectedly had the boat cradled back onto the
hard, knowing then I needed help.

Instead of doing the sensible thing and
calling a therapist, I began the seemingly
impossible task of finding someone in land-
locked rural Georgia who knew the fine art
of repairing wooden sailboats. I searched
with some trepidation and a fair measure of
shame for the impossible before I picked up
the phone and called the one soul I was told
who could save me, or at least my boat. I had
been warned that this character was as diffi-
cult and intimidating as the Great Oz himself,
but all agreed he was my not only best, but
only, choice.

"Ello mate," he replied when I intro-
duced myself on the phone. "Yes, I've heard
about you. You're the bloke who bought that
shipwreck and had it hauled down here."

After I asked what he might charge he
replied, "Well now, not so fast, we need to
sit down and discuss this before I decide
whether I can help you." It seems that I was
the one to be interviewed for this job.

Several days later, I drove down a gravel
road and up to a large tin shed surrounded
by old boats in various states of disrepair.
"This is not a good sign," I thought. Open-
ing the door to the "office" I was greeted by
a cloud of Marlboro smoke, followed by a
King Charles Spaniel. I shook hands with the
dog and the craggy old salt I found within the
cloud and then sat down across a dusty desk
covered with broken bits of boats.

"So, I have to ask," he began, punctuat-
ing his point by putting out a cigarette butt
and lighting another, "what in the hell were
you thinking?"

I then proceeded to suffer through the
toughest interrogation of my life which, as an
attorney, is saying a lot.

Looking me over with his long, pep-
pered mane and longer graying beard, he
took a deep draft from his next cigarette. I
began to wonder what I had been thinking in
seeking him out, or if I had stopped think-
ing at all when I had bought my rabbit hole
of a boat. We negotiated for a time, not over
money, but over the quality of what was to
become my resurrected boat. In the several

hours of questioning I happened to ask how he got into wooden boat building. It was then that the stories began to unfold.

Over the course of several years Len Kirkham and his crew of one, and occasionally two, restored what turned from rotting timber into a new boat that I named for the Spirit from the creation story that moved upon the face of the waters on the second day. In that time I sat for many hours across that desk and learned a great deal about my friend.

He was born in working class England, apprenticed at Camper and Nicholsons,

taught himself to sail, navigated for royalty and, in the first Whitbread, studied at the London School of Economics, became an investment banker and then left it all to sail around the world on his own wooden boat with only an old world atlas for a chart. On the way home in the South Atlantic he decided to go around once again.

Ultimately he took his boat two or three times around the world (the stories ran together), stopping from time to time to do contract work for interests with money and confidence in his judgment. He was once held hostage by rebels, spent time in the company of a whale that found his boat amorously attractive and walked from India into the Himalayas where he spent months of silence in a monastery.

In time he married an actual rocket scientist. After a few adventures together they ended up in Buford, Georgia, where he set up shop as a shipwright and where we met, as only fate could conjure. There he built and rebuilt boats for owners who shared, or at least were willing to pay for, his vision for doing a job right, whatever the time required and with minimal regard for cost, which frankly was not nearly enough.

We customers did it mostly, I think, for the entertainment that only a sailor can provide through stories lived over a lifetime at sea. He and I shared many hours in that office as I listened to tales about his life and travels, after which he might tell me how the boat repairs were going. I will confess I enjoyed those times so much that I let the work linger on for what became years, because I

didn't want to lose my excuse for listening to adventures I'd wished I had enjoyed myself.

Ultimately *Spirit* required a few replaced ribs, a great many new hull planks from garboards to the waterline and a few thousand bronze screws to hold it all together. In the process I learned how to select oak for knees, steam and conform wood into the curves of the hull, caulk with oakum and admire the work of one who was one of the last old school shipwrights.

In good time I let *Spirit* go and she found a home back north where I understand she sails proudly still. I proceeded to buy another boat that, not surprisingly, was in need of repair but was, this time, made mostly of fiberglass.

Over the years I cycled through several more boats but made regular stops at that smoky shed to check on my friend. I learned how he educated a few famous and infamous seamen and of the racing picture of him that hangs, perhaps even today, in the Hong Kong Yacht Club. Sometimes I heard the same stories repeated but I never let on. I had something to keep me from any further midlife crises. For that I gave a believing ear and received in return the riches of a life I wish I could have lived.

Both Len and the dog grew old like me but each retained their bright eyes and enjoyment whenever I dropped by for a visit. It's been years now since he passed on and I miss my friend, though I can't quite say the same about that midlife crisis of a boat that was mine for a time.



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"When in Doubt, Stay Out"

E.F. Knight

Small Boat Sailing (1901)

I was once cruising with a friend who was a good fore and aft sailor but who got scared on one occasion when we were on a lee shore and it came to blow on hard. He was anxious to run blindly for the mouth of a narrow river obstructed by a dangerous and often shifting bar (on which the sea was breaking heavily at the time) with the passage across which neither of us was acquainted. He called this prudence but it was in truth the rashness of panic. I knew we should in all probability lose our vessel if we made the attempt he proposed and I insisted on keeping to the open sea.

We close reefed our little vessel and, facing the gale, put her at it, got a good offing by sailing for some distance on the tack which took her best away from the land and then hove her to. She rode the gale beautifully and next morning my friend agreed that my plan had been the most prudent plan after all.

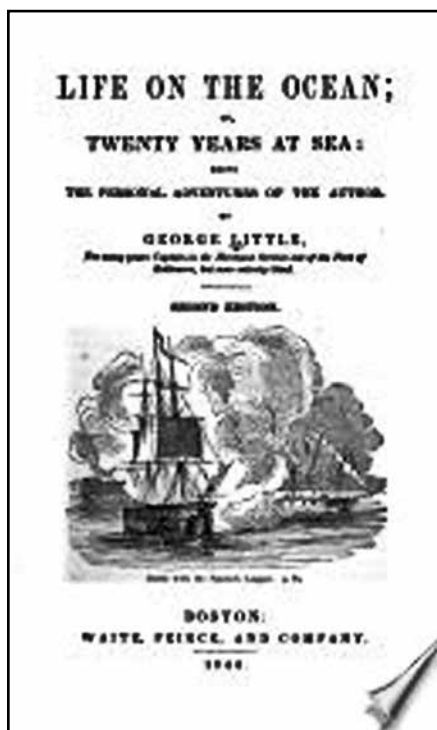
But safer still it is, when cruising in a small boat, to so watch the weather forecasts and the glass, that one never allows oneself to be surprised by a strong gale when at a long distance from a secure harbor.

Clawing Off

G. Little

Life on the Ocean (1844)

We were nearly landlocked on a lee shore in a heavy gale with a leaky ship. The land on the weather bow was the island of Diego Ramirez, that on the weather quarter, Saint Ildefonso Rocks, and the on the lee-beam the coast of Cape Horn. No alternative was now left but to either run in the channel between Diego Ramirez and the coast or to set a press of canvas and endeavor to beat offshore. Either of these resorts would be attended with great peril and danger. I resolved, however, to choose that latter so that I could have the former, that is to run through the channel, as a last recourse.



Stories

From the Days of Sail

Submitted by Duncan Wright
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*, Newsletter
of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA



Lee Shores

Running a Ship Ashore to the Best Advantage Richard Cleveland

A Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises (1850)

In September 1797, at the age of 23, I bought a cutter in Havre de Grace. I loaded a cargo and prepared to sail to Mauritius. But the vessel was detained several days by the difficulty in procuring men. Those who were engaged one day would desert the next... At length, however, with some additional pay, I succeeded.

To delay proceeding to sea a moment longer than was necessary would have been incurring a risk of the loss of my men and the pay I had advanced them. Hence, I was induced to sail when appearances were very inauspicious. A strong north wind was blowing into the bay with such violence as already to have raised a considerable sea, but I flattered myself that, as the sun declined, it would abate.

We sailed from Havre about noon and we were under full sail, but we had scarcely been out two hours when we had to reef. The wind and sea increased towards midnight, then an extraordinary plunge into a very short and sharp sea completely buried the vessel and, with a heavy crash, snapped off the bowsprit by the board.

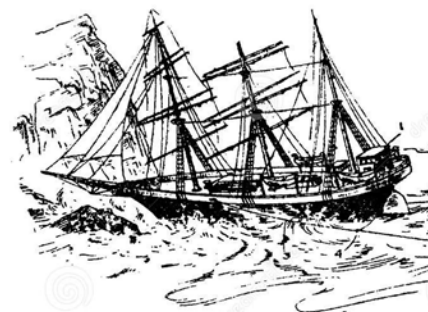
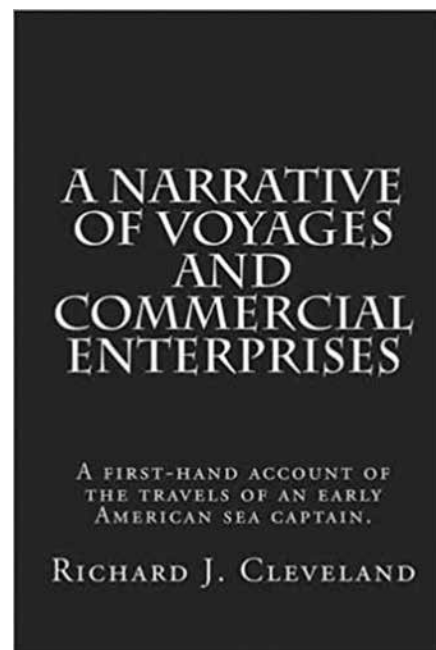
We had no spar suitable for jury bowsprit, as a result we could carry only a greatly reduced amount of sail, and made so much leeway that it was evident, as soon as daylight enabled me to form a judgment, that we could not reach Havre, nor was it less evident that nothing but an abatement of the gale could save us from being stranded before night... We now cleared away the cables and anchors... While thus engaged, the man at the masthead announced the appalling but expected intelligence of "breakers under the lee..."

No one on board possessed any knowledge of the shore we were approaching but our chart denoted it as rocky. It was easy to perceive that to be thrown among rocks by such a sea must be the destruction of us all. Hence it was of the utmost importance to discover, and to anchor off, the part of the shore most free of rocks, and with this view the mate was looking from the masthead. As he perceived an apparently clear beach east

of us, and within our ability of reaching, we steered for it, and when the water was only six fathoms deep we lowered our sails and came to anchor.

But as our anchor dragged a second was let go which, for a moment only, brought the vessel head to sea when one cable parted, and as we were drifting rapidly with the other, we cut it, then hoisted the jib and steered directly for the clear space on the beach. Going in with a great velocity, on top of a high breaker, we were soon enclosed in its foam and in that of several others that succeeded. The vessel, however notwithstanding, she struck the ground with such violence which appeared sufficient to dash her to pieces, still held together... and as the tide was falling she soon became still and water so shoal, as to enable us to go ashore...

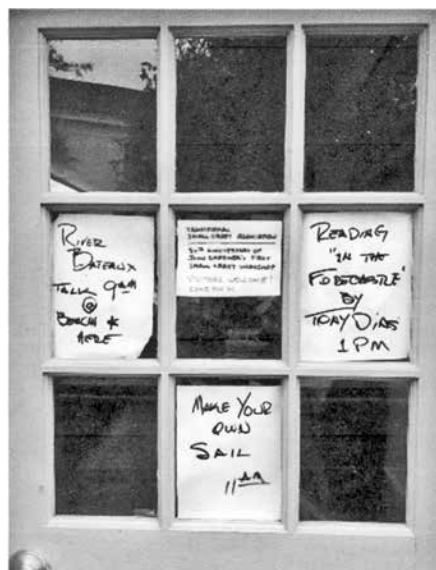
We were fortunate, not only in the selection of the spot but also in the circumstance of its being nearly high water when the vessel struck... As the alarm gun had been fired, the peasantry had come down in great numbers and when they perceived us leaving the vessel, they ran into the surf... and supported us to the shore. With the help of many kind people over several days we repaired the hull, heaved the vessel off and returned to Havre. The reception I met with at Havre from my friend James Price Esq of Boston... was kind and friendly in the extreme and tended to counteract the effects of my deep mortification and to raise my spirits for the prosecution of the original plan.



All good sea stories start out the same, “It was a dark and stormy night and there was green water coming over the bow...” Well, it was not quite like that, but close. Friday was one of those beautiful late spring days we wait all winter for, sunny and warm with a light breeze. Those of us who live in the Northeast get a little wary during days like this. Way too nice to last.

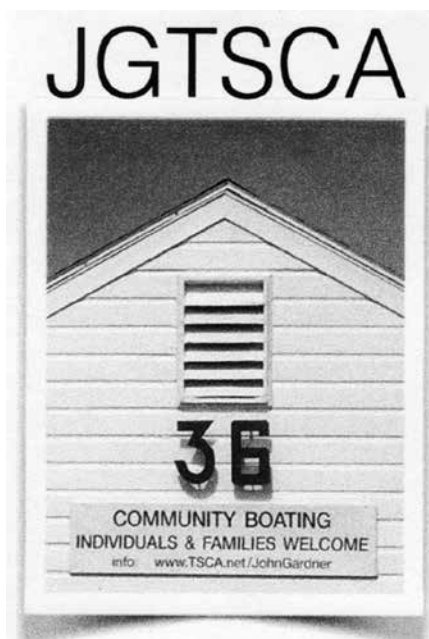
Well, we were right. A real northeaster blew in Friday night. Cold and windy with rain pouring down. For three days. Did that dampen the spirits of the assembled Traditional Small Crafters? Not a whit. We not only persevered but we thrived. The worse the weather got, the more we raised our voices in defense of traditional oar and sail.

It also helped that Mystic Seaport provided safe haven for our boats alongside docks floated in for the occasion, providing protected water along Australia Beach. And more to the point, we were allowed to warm our toes in the old Toy Boat Shop, (used to be called the “Annex”) which is really an extension of the John Gardner Boat Shop (folks used to call it the “Gray Boatshop”). We wisely left the portable tents outside, folded in amongst the Beetle Cats not yet launched. We forgot the usual “White Box” to communicate schedule. Instead we posted upcoming activities on notes on the door window.



We threw out our carefully prepared plans, asking instead, “What would you like to talk about? What would you like to know more about? How to make your own sails? Convert frame patterns to a set of plans and build a boat? Read a chapter from your upcoming *Sea Novel*?” We did them all, plus managed to squeeze in a few rows up and down the river and some afternoon sails.

We had folks and boats from all up and down the coast, the Cockeys, David and Katherine from Rockland, Maine, (“Know where to buy a good, clear flexible batten? Home Depot in the Trim Section.”), Thad Danielson from the Massachusetts’ Berkshires with his new book, *Wooden Boatbuilding, Always More To Learn* (excellent book!), Peter MacLearn and his wife Gwenn (thanks for the home-made banana bread, Gwenn) from Boston’s North Shore with a WoodenBoat Peapod in tow, Dick Sleeper and his wife Jeannie Steigler from Troy, New York, with Dick’s father’s Chamberlain Skiff and the drawings to



Info: www.TSCA.net/JohnGardner

Welcome

Welcome to the John Gardner Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association! Visit us at the Community Boathouse, Building #36, on the University of Connecticut’s Avery Point campus in Groton, Connecticut. We invite you to attend one of our gatherings, go for a row, a sail or get involved in our next boat building project.

The 50th John Gardner Small Craft Workshop

go with it, made from some builder’s patterns he found (and they sailed it with an ancient Dynamite Payson “Tortoise” (lateen) sail.) You should have seen that boat go when they rowed together, facing each other. (“I like to see where I’m going,” Dick said.)



We also had a real small craft designer, Tony Dias, with his “Sparhawk” sailing canoe design straight out of the ‘80s (1880s) with his friend, the boat’s owner,



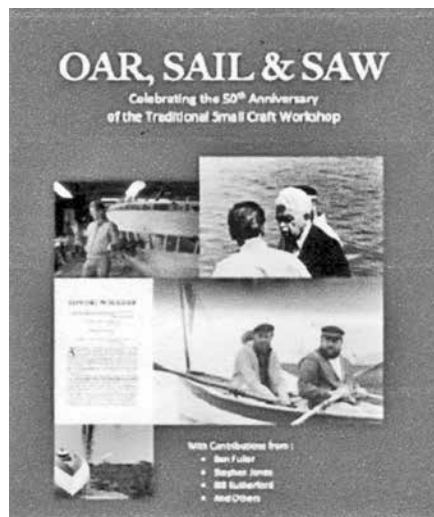
Irving Sheldon (the best of all worlds, design a beautiful boat, build it, sell it, be friends with the owner, who maintains it, and invites Tony to join him at small craft meets).



Tony also regaled us with a dramatic reading of a chapter from his upcoming book, *In the Forecastle*, read as we huddled in the basement of the Seaport’s Chandlery. A chill wind blew in the open door with some spits of rain as he took us into the forecastle of a 1910 fishing schooner (think the Seaport’s *L.A. Duntton*), clawing its way off the coast, returning from the Grand Banks in a fierce winter storm. We were glad to return to the Toy Boat Shop and its hot coffee and donuts.



The hit of the workshop, however, was the crew from the river Mohawk with their historical 20’+ replica of an 18th century river bateaux. Handmade, with carved oars and a square sail straight out of one of Ben Fuller’s Afjorsfaerings (“cut the halyard and she comes down real quick”). You should have seen them scoot right along in front of that northeast wind coming down river Sunday morning after exploring of the source of the Mighty Mystic River.



But they really came into their own in the warmth of the Old Toy Boat Shop as they shared the adventures of their annual week long trips (unsupported) along the Mohawk and its tributaries. As they got to know us the stories became more hilarious. Encounters with the “natives” (townspeople) along the way say nothing of rigging and carrying cannon to reenactments at the ends of their trips. All in handmade outfits ca 1770. They were really having fun, as were we.



Prof Steve Jones exercised his US Coast Guard experience to wisely call off (gale warnings) the planned Saturday morning Reenactment Row to the first “Small Craft Conference and Rowing Workshop” (1970). He, however, has in publication for release this summer a fresh book *Oar, Sail & Saw* (pronounced “Soar”) subtitled, “Celebrating 50 Years of the Traditional Small Craft Workshop.” A fun compilation of remembrances, old photos and essays by folks who were “Present at the Creation” and active since.

The planned activity (yes, we had one) that was also a hit was touring the Seaport’s Small Craft Hall (formerly known as the Rossi Mill), jam packed full of traditional small craft in their as donated condition. (Want to match colors of paint? See how they half dovetailed ribs at the center-board case? How thick, really, were “Pete” Culler’s chine logs?) We had 23 folks in our group plus Sarah Clement, the Seaport’s new Co Waterfront Programs Administrator, as well as our own Peter Vermilya, Seaport Small Craft Curator, Emeritus. We ignored them, of course, and dashed off to view our favorites, Rushton rowing boats, canoes, cat-boats, dories as well as later pretenders like the original Laser Version 0.



Many thanks for making the weekend happen despite the awful weather are, in order, to Brian Cooper who led the Workshop, managed the waterfront and led the morning rows, to Phil Behney who delivered the JGTSCA dories and John Hacunda

who joined us Sunday and helped Brian row them back to Mystic Shipyard East, to Mystic Seaport Museum’s Co Waterfront Programs Administrators Sarah Clement who helped us organize this whole thing and Nicolas Alley who joined us Sunday for a gam and rowed with us Monday, to each of the presenters in the Workshop and a special thanks to all the attendees who braved the elements to come join us have fun in Traditional Small Craft. See you next year!

But don’t just take it from us, here is a report by Peggy Huckel, crew member of the Mohawk River Bateaux.

We Had a Wonderful Time

May 28-31, 2021: It was the 50th annual workshop, postponed a year due to the COVID-19 pandemic. Things have eased and everyone, I’m sure, expected a pretty good turnout for the event. Unfortunately the weather was terrible, cold (40s), rainy and, worse yet, windy. But fortunately (as Red Green might tell it) we were all about boats. We were cozily ensconced in the back room of the John Gardner Boatshop at Mystic Seaport. It was just perfect for the small group of diehards who turned out. The seaport had provided a floating dock for us to tie up to at the Australia Beach next to the Boathouse.

I was part of a crew of three, crewing a student built replica of a 1750s Mohawk River bateau (cargo boat) based in Schenectady, New York. The boat is one of two owned by the Schenectady County Historical Society that we use for reenactments and weekly community rowing. We arrived on Friday, launched below the bridge and rowed up, found no one around, tied up at the dock and went off to dinner. It had just started to sprinkle.

The next two days were filled with friendly chatter, useful discussion, donuts and coffee as we happily made friends and shared stories of our boat knowledge and experiences. It was a joy to meet folks with interests so similar to mine who were familiar with my Dion Swampscott dory and welcomed my questions. I was equally interested in learning about the other boats there, the treasured, passed down plans and drawings, the book recommendations, the trial and error adventures.

I particularly benefited from a session on making a sail, with input from several very experienced and knowledgeable, even professional, members. Yet I felt they all spoke to me at my level of understanding, in ways that specifically encouraged and motivated me to try what I already had in mind. I came away more confident and with resources and contacts that

will help me succeed. Can't wait to start!

The highlight of the weekend was our private access to Watercraft Hall, the engine and boat storage facility, the physical archives of the seaport's collection. Accompanied by Peter Vermilya, the Small Craft Curator Emeritus, we had free run of the huge building filled, to our delight, with every kind of old boat we'd ever dream of seeing, many of quite famous provenance. I couldn't stop grinning, and really would have spent many more hours there if I could.

On Monday it finally stopped raining and a strange glowing but fuzzy orb appeared in the sky. Although it remained chilly and mostly cloudy, we ogled a lovely sailing canoe that showed up just that morning along with a sweet CLC rowing craft with a slid-

ing seat, then rowed in company with a couple of other small craft up the river until it became too shallow, turned away from the wind, hoisted sail and slowly eased our way back to the Museum, taking a spin around some of the larger vessels in the shipyard area before returning to the dock. After more chatting we had to depart, rowing downriver to a boat ramp below the bridge, hauled out and headed back to New York.

We had a wonderful time and so appreciated the welcome we received and the relaxed, flexible schedule. I even met people from my own home waters in New York. I'm already looking forward to next year when the sun will shine and there will be at least twice as many small craft and their owners in attendance!



Peggy Huckel, Wilton, New York, Dion Swampscott Dory, based near Catskill, New York, on the Hudson River.

SparHawk is perhaps my favorite. To paraphrase L. Francis Herreshoff, our enjoyment of a boat is inversely proportional to its size. A sailing canoe is the ultimate example. One thing unlocks its potential, we need to be limber enough to get up on the rail. It can be sailed sitting down, but if you can sit up on the rail it's a whole other experience!

"I designed *SparHawk* in 1992 for a couple in Greenwich Connecticut. The design was inspired and informed by my experience building and sailing Ian Oughtred's MacGregor. Both boats are inspired by the decked sailing canoes of the 1880s and 1890s. My first look at examples of these boats was during visits to Mystic Seaport and warehouse crawls through the Rossi Mill with Ben Fuller and Peter Vermilya.

Nat Wilson built *SparHawk's* sails in Egyptian Cotton. He also built the sails for my 14' Little Cat sailing dinghy *Harry*. It's been an honor to have sails by the same loft that built a suit for the *USS Constitution*! I've been fortunate that *SparHawks* moved to Rhode Island and it's been my great pleasure to be befriended by her current owner, Irving Sheldon. I could never have imagined back in Gardiner, New York, in the winter of '92-'93 that we'd be bringing *SparHawk*, now the *Katherine M*, to the 50th John Gardner Small Craft Workshop at Mystic all these years later!



SparHawk, Katherine M., Beaver Pond

I want to thank you again for all your help and for keeping this event alive. I look forward to getting involved with future activities and with deepening my relationship with fellow, southern New Englander small boat people!

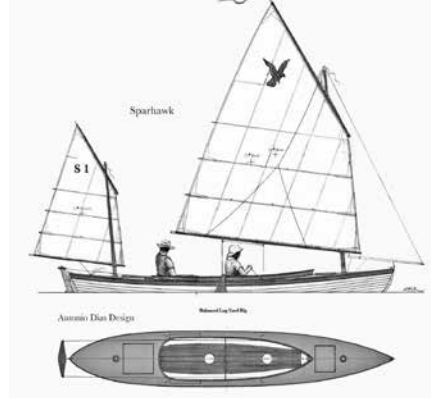
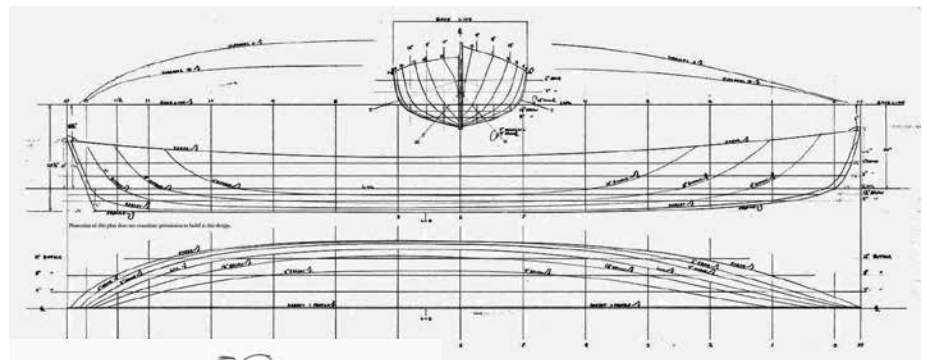
Tony Antonio Dias antoniodias@mail.com

About *SparHawk*

By Tony Dias – <https://antonio-dias.com/portfolio/sparhawk/>



SparHawk between my personal boat *Harry* and *Harry's* half decked sister, *Katrina*, at St Michael's enjoying a long weekend together at the St Michael's Maritime Museum with two fine early clients of mine and their boats.



Sparhawk's design was influenced by the only boat that I ever built that I hadn't designed, Ian Oughtred's MacGregor. *Sparhawk* shares the rig and leeboard attached to a lanyard Oughtred uses on his boats.

Dimensions:

LBP 15' – 11"
LWL 15' – 0"
Beam 2' – 9"
Draft 0' – 6"
Sail Area:
Main 60 sq ft
Mizzen 17 sq ft
Total 77 sq ft

The Big Row

Exploring the 18th century
via Mohawk River bateaux



The Big Row

Exploring the 18th Century via Mohawk River Bateaux
Bateau Wagon and Portage



Kevin standing next to the finished wagon.



Wheeling the *Bobbie G* up the beach.

Stuck on an Empty River Bed

Since a hurricane on August 28, the boats have been tied up at the dock. Unfortunately the river level had fallen dramatically because the river cut a new channel around Lock 8 and the pool height is no longer being maintained.

On several days we tried to get together to get the boats out of the river. First the river was far too high, then far too low. There are two boat ramps between Lock 8 and Lock 9. The public ramp was covered in a vast quantity of mud and was officially closed. Even if we could have bypassed the danger tape, we still would have needed a bulldozer to clear enough mud to allow a truck to get down to the ramp and back. The private ramp was even worse, a huge berm of mud prevented getting a trailer anywhere close to the water.



DeSager tied up at the dock on the river bed.

Bobbie G tied up and dry.



The fate of the boats (and the dock) had been preying on our minds. The boats weren't in any immediate danger but they were definitely not situated in a good position. With erosion or heavy rains the dock could break and the boats could be injured. All sorts of silly season suggestions were floated about but none of them made more sense than just using grunt labor.

A Bateau Wagon Might Help

I thought that, in addition to grunt labor, a period bateau wagon would facilitate moving the boats. I had boat wagon illustrations in Diderot and St Remy, both of which showed a haycart-like wagon with the boat either upside up or upside down on it. These wagons have two axles, one with large wheels in the back and one with smaller wheels at the front, with the smaller wheels part of a steering mechanism that I didn't quite understand. These wagons were generally intended for ox hauling.



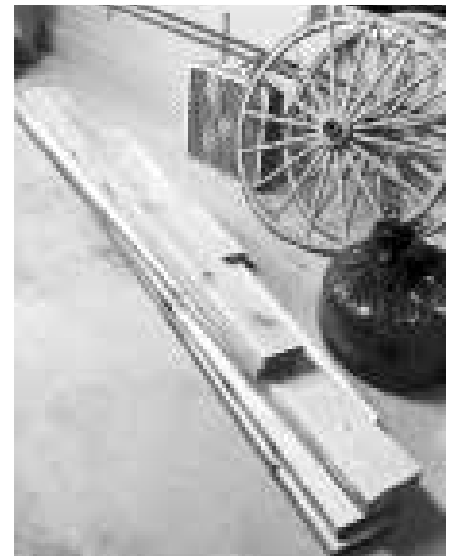
A drawing of the bateau wagon with my as built drawing of the *Bobbie G* overlaid upon it.

I also had an 18th century drawing showing, instead, a wagon with a single central axle and a fixed bed (no steering mechanism). This was used on the coast of France on tidal flats and the picture shows a wheel that is 6' or 8' in diameter. These wagons were intended for man hauling.

Not having oxen and, more importantly, only having a single set of wheels (the old cannon carriage wheels), I decided to build a somewhat period single axle bateau wagon. I mulled over various plans and eventually decided on a long frame with a single axletree. The frame is reinforced with diagonal braces (I see many references to ladderlike bracing, but that involved more mortises and tenons that I have the patience and time to cut).

Building the Bateau Wagon

Based on my wood stores, the axletree was made of white oak and the rest of the wagon out of pine, all rough cut air dried lumber. Kevin went to the Metal Supermarket and obtained an axle and a square shaft. I set to work.



A stack of wood for the bateau wagon. I used air dried pine and white oak.

Half of the oak axletree.





Half of the oak with the square shaft.



The oak axletree with the shaft in it.

The axletree is 5'8" across, a distance I deemed appropriate to let the wider of the two boats (the *Bobbie G*) ride without any danger of rubbing on the wheels. I probably could have made it 4" narrower but wanted to err on the side of safety. I used two 2"x6" pieces of oak which, once joined and planed, ended up with a finished dimension of around 3 1/2"x5 3/4". I cut a dado in each piece for the axle channel, sandwiched the two pieces together, attached them with trunnels and planed the whole thing square.

Axletree with dadoes.



Lumber ripped to the correct width.

To the axle tree I attached two short (48") arms with diagonal bracing. On each side I attached two long arms (around 10', I just used the length of wood I had), also with diagonal bracing. The outside to outside dimension of the arms was 34". The arms were roughly 1 3/4"x4 1/2" and the bracing was roughly 1 3/4"x3". These dimensions were chosen purely based on the wood I had on hand.



The center part of the bateau wagon.

The two long sides were attached to the axletree assembly with carriage bolts. At each end I affixed eye bolts. With Kevin's help I managed to make the whole wagon in three evenings and one Saturday. It was designed to come apart into three pieces (plus the two wheels) so I could transport it from home to the farm. I'm sure a true 18th century wagon would have used single pieces of timber for the rails.

I should note that Kevin did a fair amount of work to get the axle to fit with the old wheels. We used an odd assortment of washers to compensate for the strange wheel hubs.

Using the Bateau Wagon on a Muddy River Bed

We now had to try the bateau wagon in earnest. Kevin helped me transport the pieces to the farm. We assembled it there. I still didn't know how much it would be helpful versus how much of a folly I had just created. I feared that 16 hours of woodworking might result in just another item stuck in the mud.

We had six people helping, Harvey, Allison, Gary, Jonathan, Kevin and myself. It was just barely enough, we would have loved to have a few more. Gary made sure the road through the woods was clear with the farm tractor. The rest of us rolled the wagon down to the river bed. We stripped the *DeSager* of all removable items, oars, mast, thwarts, anchor, fenders, PFDs, etc. We unmade the mooring lines from the dock.

With effort we positioned the wagon where we thought it would be most useful. Unfortunately there was a massive mud bank that prevented us from moving the *DeSager* onto the wagon easily. We shoveled away

some of the mud, then partially disassembled the dock so as to get enough clearance for the boat. We wrestled the *DeSager* onto the wagon and secured it with the trailer straps. In the process we managed to partially tear off one of the landing skids, this is a sacrificial piece of oak designed to protect the bottom when the boat is dragged around.

We now had to wheel the boat and wagon across the mud some 300 yards, then swing it up the sloped river bed and into the woods. This was much easier said than done. The wheels sank into the mud to various degrees depending on how soft the mud was and how deep down the stone river bed was under the mud.

It would have been wonderful to go a short distance but we needed to get to a point where the bank wasn't too steep. We also had to navigate around some 4' or 5' deep gullies that had been eroded into the mud. We had two people pulling, one person on each wheel and two people pushing. When the wheels only sank a few inches, the movement wasn't bad. When one wheel sank a foot, it still wasn't too awful. However, when one wheel was 15" deep and the other 8" in, it was arduously dreadful.

We used a variety of scrap wood to get over the softest portion of the mud. The wagon rolled quite well on boards (it would be a snap on a hard surface) but we spent a great amount of effort forwarding boards ahead. Everything was made harder by us sinking in the mud, sometimes to the knees.

After much toil we got the boat up the river bed and into the woods. At this point we secured a rope from the wagon to the farm tractor. We couldn't get the tractor too close as there was a deep pit of mud in the way. We had one spot where the axle and wheels of the wagon had perhaps 2" of clearance between two trees.

Once we were across the mud pit we hooked the wagon to the tractor using a chain and then towed the wagon out of the woods. This was a goodly distance, but comparatively easy as the ground was pretty solid. We got the *DeSager* up into the farmyard whereupon we transferred it to the flatbed trailer and put it away. Aside from the damaged skid, a success.



DeSager on the wagon after the extraction.

The Second Boat

After this we needed to move the *Bobbie G*. We pumped out the rainwater, removed the oars, mast and other gear and unmade the mooring lines. Rather than travel the 300 yards across the mud flats, we decided to slide and drag the boat down to the water and wade it up to a location opposite to the road into the woods. This went OK, barring the frequent occurrence of someone sinking in the mud.

Getting the *Bobbie G* onto the wagon was a struggle. We spent a half hour or more wrestling it with all of our might. We eventually got it on the wagon and strapped down. My muscles ache just thinking about it.

Gary had rigged a pulley and a very long rope so that the tractor could help pull the wagon up the river bed. We put down boards to help the wagon and boat stay above the mud. This worked just fine until we got to the edge of the woods. We manually grunted the boat and wagon up the short bank. We first had to roll backwards to get on boards as we had lost the strength to get the wagon out of the mud and uphill at the same time. Once on boards we got up the



Moving the *Bobbie G* on the bateau wagon.

bank without any mishap.

Once more we attached the line to the tractor (now a direct line rather than around a pulley). Again, we had to navigate between the tight trees and the mud pit. Again, once we were through that we were able to hook the tractor to the wagon with the chain and then let the tractor do the hard work. Overall, a success. We did make one gouge in the *Bobbie G*'s side.

Conclusion

The bateau wagon worked. It was the right tool for the job. If I had to make another one I would make some modifications, however. First, I would make the cross bracing so that it was level with the rails. This would make loading the bateau much easier and less prone to damage. Second, I would have used slightly stouter rails as these seemed close to the limit of their durability. Considering how hard we pulled on things, it was a complete success. I just doubt that the wagon would withstand many of these uses.

I'm impressed with how well the old cannon wheels held up to the rigors of the day. At several times I thought we were applying a significant lateral force that could have snapped something. The wheel maker should be commended.

Lastly, a huge thanks to all those who helped.



International Rowing Event

Announcement of Tour in the Bay of Quinte and 1000 Islands

World Rowing and Ontario Adventure Rowing announce that the world will be coming to row on the beautiful waters of South Eastern Ontario. In September 2022, the Bays and Islands World Rowing Tour will host more than 50 long distance adventure rowers from around the world. Teams of rowers will travel from Brighton to Mallorytown over the course of a week, experiencing the beauty of the Bay of Quinte and the 1000 Islands.

World Rowing, the international governing body for the sport of rowing, supports Rowing for All, the idea that rowing is an accessible touring, recreation and fitness activity for people of all ages and experience levels. The flagship event of its Rowing for All Commission is a week long tour, organized in a different country each year. "Bays and Islands" will be the third World Rowing Tour hosted by Canada and the first in South Eastern Ontario. The tour is organized by Ontario Adventure Rowing (OAR) and supported by Rowing Canada Aviron (RCA).

The participants will enjoy breathtaking views from the water in addition to many opportunities to experience this beautiful region and all that it has to offer, from waterfront vistas, beaches and wineries to the cultural heritage as featured recently in *Vogue* and *Condé Nast Traveler* magazines. Water-

front festivals held along the way will bring together rowers and spectators while showcasing and celebrating Ontario's waterways and water sports.

The rowers will be in coxed quads, boats with four people sculling with two oars each and one person steering. These boats are designed with watertight compartments and are virtually unsinkable.

Opening ceremonies will be held on September 10, 2022, in Belleville, Ontario. Rowing will commence September 11 with September 17 being the last day on the water, followed by a closing ceremony held that evening in Kingston, Ontario.

The Bays and Islands Tour will be run by volunteers, mainly members from OAR and rowing/water sport clubs along the route. "Our members are so excited to welcome rowers from around the world for this tour," says Peter Jepson of Ontario Adventure Rowing. "We expect that this tour will elevate the international profile of our region for sport tourism, and will showcase the Bay of Quinte and the 1000 Islands as a great place for recreation, for young and old alike."

Learn more about the Bays and Islands World Rowing Tour at <https://worldrowing-tour2022.ca> or call Peter Jepson at (613) 922-5144. To learn more about OAR, visit <https://adventurerowing.ca>.



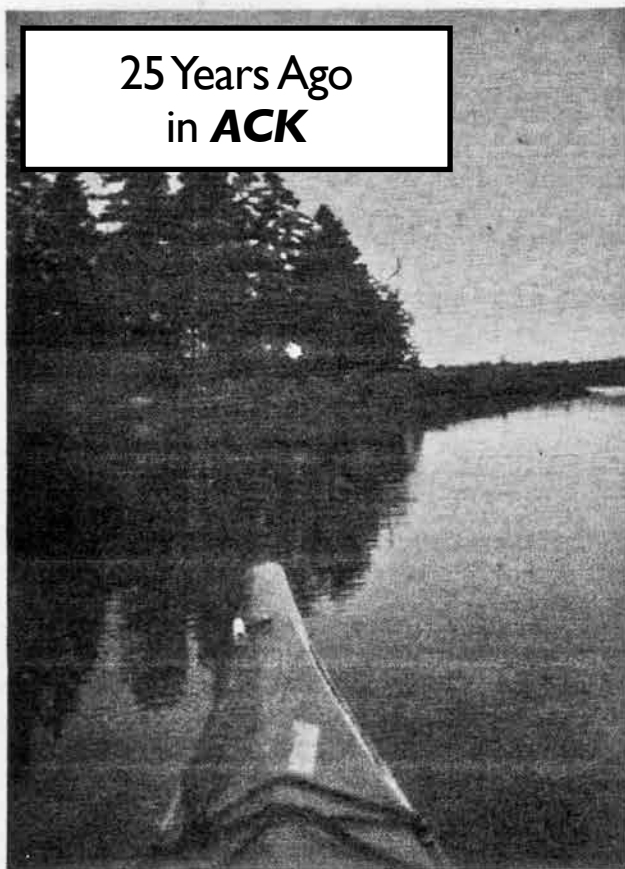
OAR has hosted World Rowing Tours in 2002 and 2012, showcasing the Rideau Canal and the Sudbury/West Arm/French River areas respectively. In keeping with that tradition, it was proposed at the OAR AGM in 2019 that we host the world's rowers again in 2022. An exploratory committee was set up, headed by Peter Jepson, and the uniquely beautiful area of the Bay of Quinte and the 1000 Islands was chosen. The preliminary planning was completed in 2019 and the proposal sent to World Rowing.

Our full organizational structure was set up in January 2021 with a four person executive committee of Peter Jepson,

Donna Spiegel, Diana Watson and Cynthia Warn. An initial dry run was held, COVID style, in October 2020 in singles, doubles and one "bubbled" quad, from Gananoque to Mallorytown Landing. A full dry run is scheduled for September 7-12, 2021, and is already sold out! If you would like to be placed on the wait list, please contact Peter Jepson at jepjeppe@gmail.com

After much back and forth communication with the various sections of World Rowing, we finally have all the official approvals required and we are very excited to announce the 2022 Bays and Islands Tour to the world today!

25 Years Ago
in **ACK**



THE QUIET COASTLINE

BY TAMSIN VENN

Reprinted from *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker*

Quietude is Cobscook Bay's great attribute. Sit still and listen. No cars, no boat engines, no voices - only the sound of the wind in the trees and the birds, maybe a loon's gurgle, and no sense of imminent intrusion. You feel like you've dropped off the edge of the coastal waterfront into paradise. And indeed you have.

Cobscook Bay is in the far northeast corner of Maine, pushing the limits of New England's longitudes and latitudes. It is near the Canadian border and north of such Downeast outposts as Machias, Cutler, Jonesport. It is roughly on the same parallel as West Quoddy head, easternmost point in the U.S. After you've passed Bangor, a lonely drive with large oil and logging trucks will make you happy to reach the spot. Not many kayakers (it takes eight hours from southern New England) get up this far...nor many people, but those who do will find its isolation welcome from the more crowded coastline farther south.

Cobscook Bay State Park is located on Whiting Bay in Broad Cove. It is quiet, isolated, beautiful, and uncrowded. It is here we spent a week in mid-June, camped

at water's edge, posed to launch daily, weather permitting, from the public boat ramp located right next to our campsite. With more than 100 campsites, not more than six or seven were occupied the week we were there, so you really have the place to yourself.

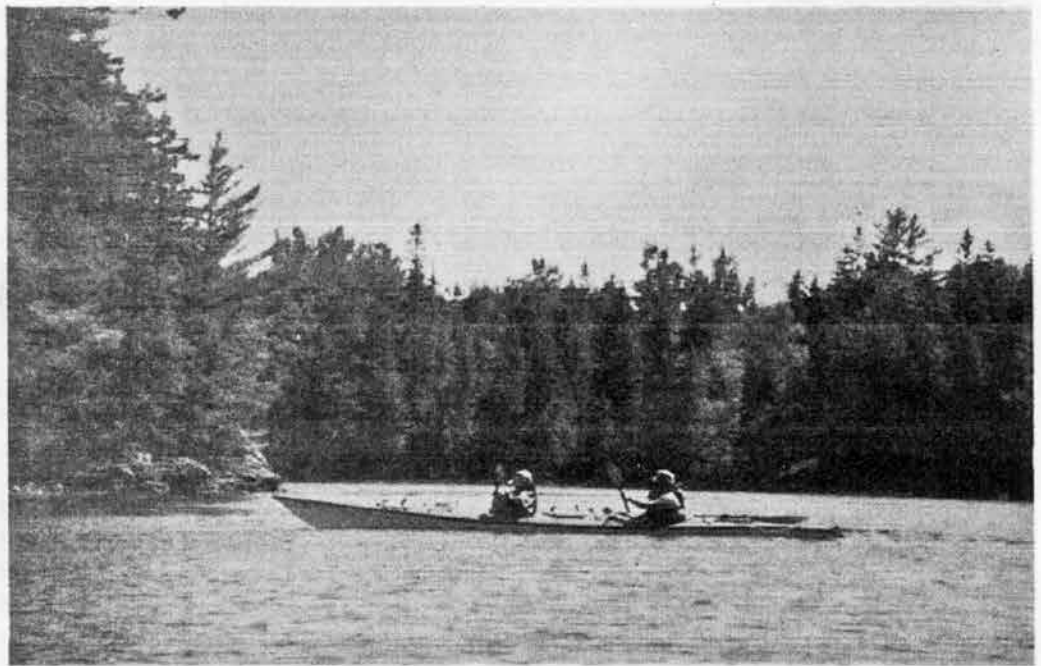
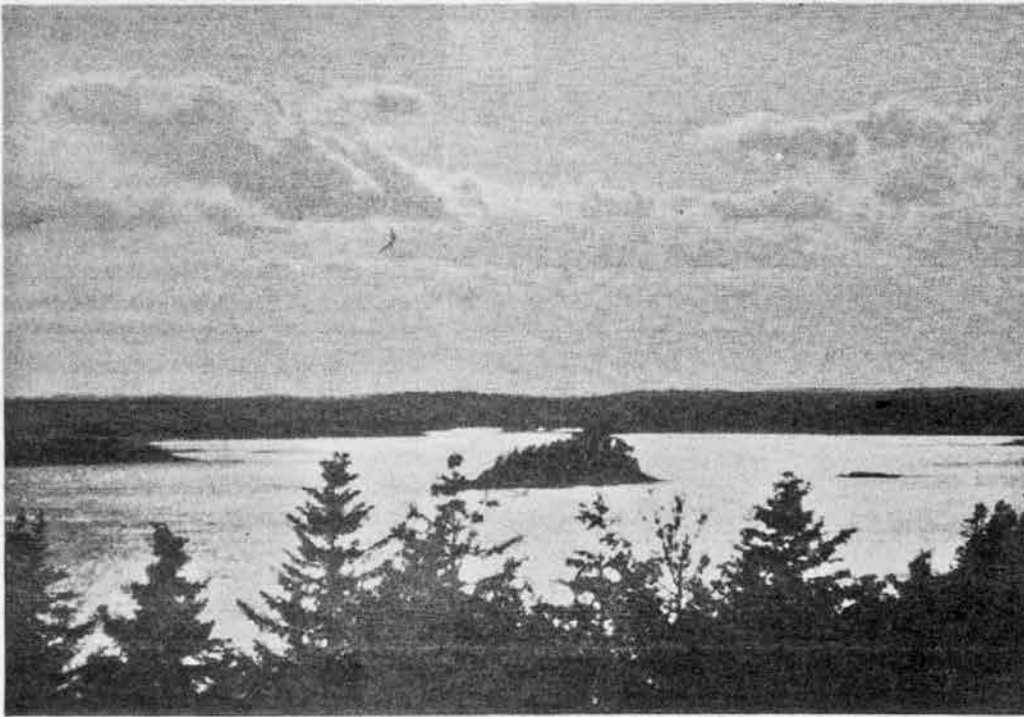
Cobscook Bay is located in a protected fold of Passamaquoddy Bay and receives volumes of water. It also feeds Whiting Bay, a long protected arm of water, looking more like an inland lake than ocean. Whiting Bay gets tides of 25 feet and rises a foot every 15 minutes, according to local sources. It is possible to step into your kayak from dry land, wait five minutes or so, then float off, avoiding wet feet altogether.

The volume of water flushing in and out and up and down in deep columns twice daily provides for extremely interesting currents, eddies, and boils, all which culminate in the ultimate show at Cobscook Reversing Falls. Here the volume of water pushes through from Cobscook Bay in and out of Whiting and Dennys Bay. The falls are located between Mahar Point, a long mainland peninsula, and Falls Island. The falls are impressive because the rushing

water pushes against a large rock and so divides into two standing waves, then hits a rock on the mainland point and swells into another standing wave.

You can feel the current's effects as far away as the campground, three miles south. You can hear the falls from several miles away. You can keep your distance, though, and play with your eddy turns and ferries around Dram Island or avoid the upswells altogether.

The four of us find plenty to do. My husband, David, his son Chris, and two-year-old Lilly all travel in the double Necky Nootka while I keep pace in my single, helping with launchings and landings, and keeping Lilly entertained from one boat over. We make three kayak trips this week, working around the weather. First day, we travel up the bay past the falls, then down into a beautiful cove full of permutations called Carrying Place Cove. Day two, we go closer to Falls Island and play in the eddies with members of ConnYak, a Connecticut sea kayaking club, which has miraculously appeared, up here on an early summer expedition led by Clark Bowlen. Then we head up Dennys Bay to Seal Island, where we



Top left: The sun rises on Whiting Bay. An eaglet peers down on intruders. Dram Island is at the mouth of the Reversing Falls. David, Chris, and Lilly paddle in bucolic Carrying Place Cove. Photos by Tamsin Venn and David Eden.

count more than a dozen seals. One day, I take a solo sunrise tour, which is about as close to peaceful as you can get. The sun rises out of a bank of clouds then sets into another one and is reflected in the water. For a moment an upturned planet makes good sense this far Down East.

One day, we see five bald eagles including a nest with a fledgling peering down on the Birch Islands. Coombscook Bay is part of the Moosehorn National Wildlife Refuge, whose federal officials have worked for several decades on eagle recovery in this salmon-rich area. In the 80s, Coombscook Bay

had 11 nesting pair of eagles, now it has 21. Once familiar with the eagle's soar height, you are bound to see several. (An eagle also nests at Freds Island, farther south in the Bay.) Although this is the kingdom of the tides (a phrase coined by Bowlen), it is also the realm of the bald eagle, the seal, and the

"Although this is the kingdom of the tides..., it is also the realm of the bald eagle, the seal, and the loon (seven sighted paddling mid bay). One wildlife official says many more loons swim the ocean now that jet skis have frightened them off the lakes..."

loon (seven sighted paddling mid bay). One wildlife official says many more loons swim the ocean now that jet skis have terrorized them off the lakes.

We paddle up to Crow Neck near the falls at around slack on an incoming tide. That timing feels psychologically preferable to an outgoing tide, because the falls provide on onshore nudge. Members of ConnYak are able to negotiate the eddies near Mahar Point, and land close enough to the Reversing Falls Park to get out and watch the falls for about an hour. They report fairly squirmy conditions around the south side of Falls Island, the passage through which you can paddle to reach Schooner Island, where it is possible to camp.

Although I wrote in *Sea Kayaking Along*

the New England Coast (1993) that it was possible to go through the falls at slack, based on talking to experienced kayakers who had been through here, in retrospect, I don't think I would recommend the passage because you really have such a short window of slack and eddies continue to shift. Although, the literature says the water pokes through here at 25 knots, I believe it is closer to 10 or 15 as originally reported.

This is an area, however, where paddling south down the bay, and more "inland" is just as interesting as paddling up the bay, with numerous coves and wildlife, but decidedly weaker currents and water speedups around the headlands.

Low tide requires attention. We time our trips to get on and off the park's launch ramp with water still covering it. (The launch

ramp travels about 30 feet down.) At low tide, the mud flat expands to about 15 feet before reaching the channel, and you easily sink up to your knees. Every green spot on your chart signifies mud at low tide, and all coves here have generous washes of green on the chart. We also time our trips to be going with the tide, because it runs strongly. We only have one day when the wind and opposing tide created breaking wave conditions in the middle of the channel, enough to keep us on shore, especially with two-year-old Lilly.

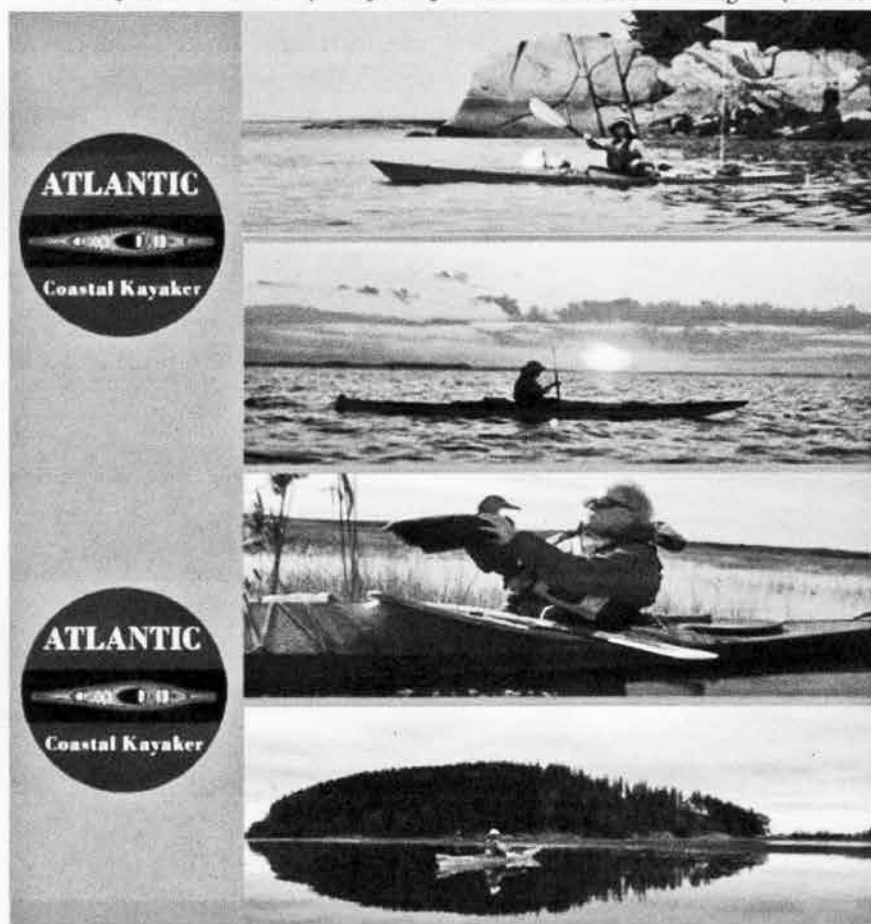
Is this a good place for a kayaking family? As other parents have said, the entertainment factor of a kayaking trip for a two-year-old is in direct proportion to the degree of wildlife sighted. Lilly does not discriminate and was equally as excited by a bald eagle, seal, or seagull. Because the water is protected, shore is always close, and the campsite near.

However, the water is extremely cold, probably in the upper 40s. We all wear wetsuits and drysuits, including Lilly. Our dives into the water for a "swim" lasts nano seconds. I would hate to imagine being immersed in this cold water for any length of time.

When not camp cooking, we find suitable meals at Helen's and the Blue Bird restaurant in Machias. The nearest convenience store is in Whiting. The Artist's Summer Cafe in Machias serves good lunches (minimal breakfasts). In Eastport, I have gotten a good meal at the funky Waco Diner.

WHEN YOU GO...

Cobscook Bay State Park: Located on Rte. 1 in Edmunds, just north of Whiting. It has 101 camp and trailer sites, on more than 800 acres, with special tent areas, more than half on the water. Currently, you need to make reservations a week in advance. Even though a wealth of good on-water sites exist, we suggest you make the reservation. Kayakers are still a new breed up here. We would recommend the following sites: 29,



30, 32, 44, 54, 95 or 96. We left our boats at the ramp and did not worry about vandalism. Cost is \$15 a night, \$16.05 with tax. If you arrive without reservations, you pay for two nights at a time, in case central reservations in Augusta goofs and sends in a late fax for another party. We found the reservation system arcane. You can buy firewood for \$1.50 a bundle, although some less used sites have lots of firewood. Fires permitted. Check out time is 11 a.m. Fresh drinking water near sites. Latrines. Pack your food away nightly from raccoons (and maybe black bear).

A short hike from your campsite into mud yields great clamming, clamming fork advised. We never quite got the tides right for this activity. Although I brought my fishing rod and a mackerel rig, I was told the mackerel start running in early July.

Contrary to rumor, the state's lease from the federal wildlife refuge for the state park is not up until the year 2000 so no need to worry about this park closing for reasons of stalled lease negotiations.

If you arrive late at night, Machias Motor Inn in Machias is a good option.

OTHER ACCESS

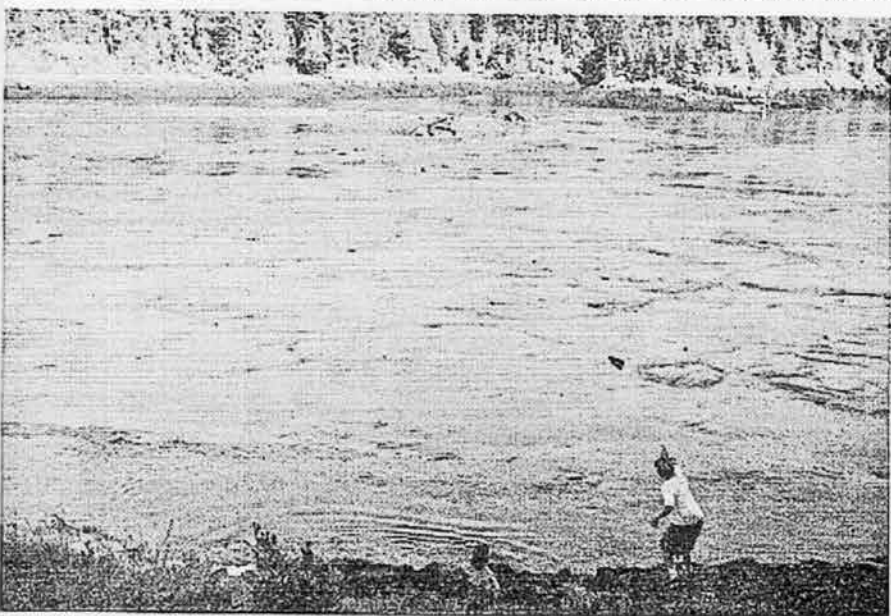
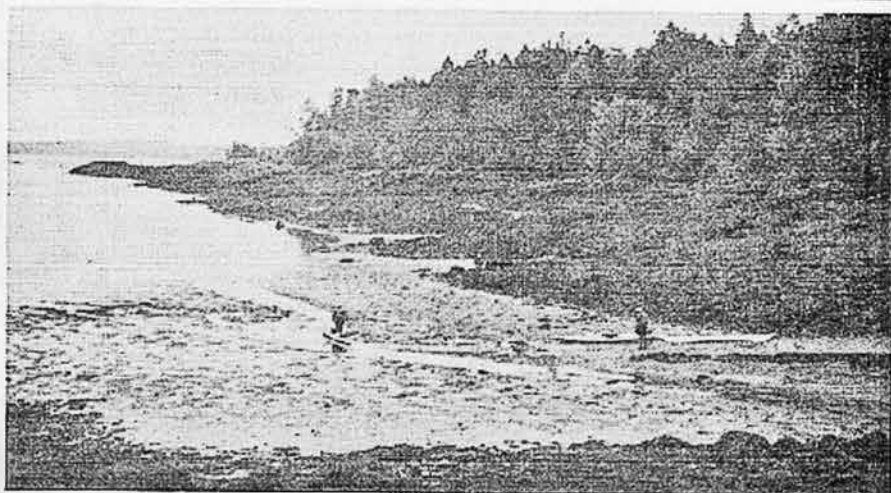
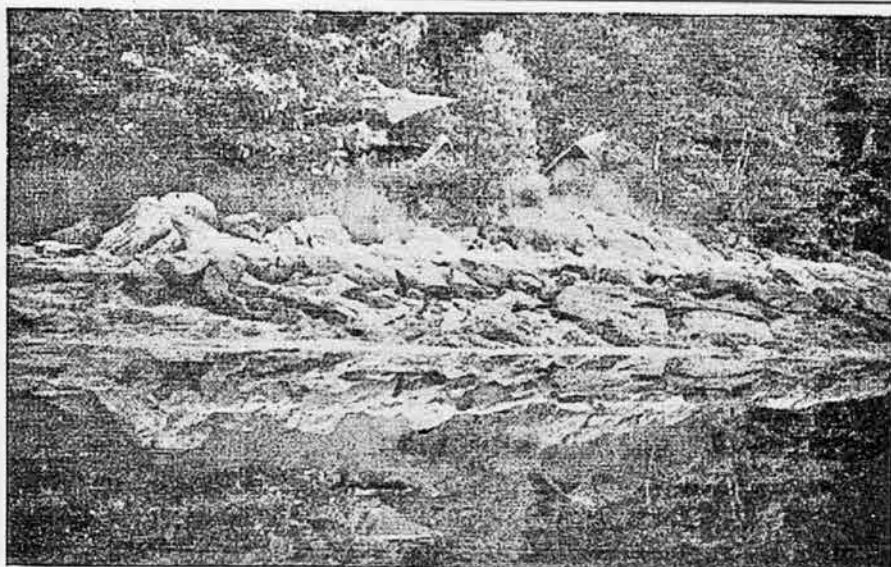
We scouted several other put-ins for the area. Here are some suggestions.

Coobscook Bay: 1) The county opened a fancy, new boat ramp in June on Whiting Bay in Edmunds, just north of the state park on Route 1 or five miles east of Whiting village. You can reach the site by turning right onto the road leading to Coobscook Bay State Park and follow directional signs to the site.

Officials say the floats, built by inmates at Bucks Harbor Correctional Facility, will ground out at low tide, but that the site will allow boaters to launch their craft 97 percent of the time. Low tide mud flats are always a consideration in launching a boat on the eastern Maine coast. The site includes a paved ramp into the water, a latrine, an Adirondack shelter, and picnic tables. The facility is dedicated to Mary K. Follis, a county commissioner seriously injured in a highway accident last year.

Another site, is the Whiting ramp just north of town, which launches you into the southern reaches of Whiting Bay.

Machias: 1) The town ramp on the "dike" puts you onto the Machias River right next to Helen's Restaurant. This is the official



Top: What more could you want? An on-water camp site hidden in the trees. Middle: ConnYakers tramp through the kingdom of the mud to deeper water. Bottom: Reversing Falls is a 300-yard corridor of 15-knot water, best seen on shore. Photos by Tamsin Venn.

end of the Maine Island Trail, but most paddlers pull in farther south at Bucks Harbor. Although well inland, the launch gives access to the beautiful Machias River. Another spot is right next to the Machias Historical Society, although parking may be difficult here. (The Micmac Farm Guest Cabins are a good option for the fall, small but attractive cabins in the woods, reasonably priced, good restaurant by reputation, all overlooking the Machias River.)

2) More used is the Bucks Harbor launch. This is an authentic fishing harbor (we saw one yacht moored here). As you travel south on Rte. 92 on Machias Road and reach Bucks Harbor, take the first left after the church (on right side of road). Parking is plentiful, but you may want to enquire about the safety of overnight parking.

3) The third spot we would recommend is at Starboard Harbor, marked on the Maine DeLorme atlas by the boat-carry symbol. Go all the way to the end of the road. To your left, you will reach a gravel road, which travels through a barn with a rudimentary sign that says "driveway." Pass this barn on your left. As improbable as it may seem, the launch is straight ahead into the cove. People drive over this spot at low tide to reach the causeway to Starboard Island, which has several residents. Here you have a clear view to Cross Island, used by HIOBS (Hurricane Island Outward Bound School),

Cross has trails and much wildlife. We don't know anything about this Machias Bay crossing, although we understand the currents can be rather squirrely around Cross. Best to obtain local knowledge.

Roque Island: 1) The best spot we know is at Shoppee Point beyond Roque Bluffs park. Take the Roque Bluffs Road all the way to the end, past the park. This is used by fishermen, and you should park well away from the launch. Although we have parked here overnight, we would not recommend it. Best to make other arrangements.

2) On a former scouting trip, I checked out the launch at Look Head, south of Jonesboro (see DeLorme atlas), and a house with fierce dogs has been built on this sight so we do not recommend it. 3) Across the river, Kilton Point is usable and right next to Wind Rise Farm, a wonderful saltwater farm converted into a few rustic guest cottages where I have stayed.

It should be noted that the owners of Roque Island are very non-partial to kayakers and don't even want them paddling through the archipelago for reasons of environmental sensitivity. However, Halifax is still on the Maine Island Trail and accessible for landing and camping.

Jonesport: 1) The best launch site is at the campground on Sawyer Cove (see DeLorme atlas with tent symbol). It charges a minimal fee for overnight parking (\$5 last

count), and your car will be safe. This gives you access to Great Wass Island, which has great hiking trails, and beyond.

2) Another nice, and more secluded launch site, is at Little Kennebec Bay at the end of Roque Bluffs Road, (in the opposite direction from the park). This gives you easy access to Hope Island, newly added to the Maine Island Trail. 3) Martson Point, as indicated by Eastern Outdoor Adventures (see following story), is another launch spot into Little Kennebec Bay. We are unfamiliar with the launch at Yoho Head.

BAD WEATHER

One of the great aspects of this area is that there is lots to do if the weather keeps you pinned on shore.

Machias Seal Island, off Grand Manan, with its puffins as well as terns and auks, are served by two charters, one from Jonesport (Captain Barna Norton: 207-497-5933) and one from Cutler (Captain Andy Patterson: 207-259-4484); each take six passengers. You leave early in the morning, around 7 a.m., and return in the early afternoon after a couple of hours of watching puffins from special covers. The boat trip takes about two hours. Cost in 1996 was \$50 a person, advance reservations. Sources tell us, however, that visit restrictions may make you hesitate. Also, don't go during bad weather to avoid fog horn blasts.

In Eastport, the "Old Sow" whirlpool is said to be one the world's largest, best tow hours before flood tide. It has tipped over a tanker. Drive down near Dog Island for viewing.

Reversing Falls: This half-mile long set of falls is located at Mahar's Point in West Pembroke. The tidal flow passes through a 300-yard gap between Cobscook and Dennys and Whiting Bay. Pembroke town officials have built a long road and picnicking area to the falls. Drive down as far as you can then hike down to the rocky beach to watch the show. The park is not marked.

Directions: Turn off Route 1 in Pembroke. From the Cobscook Bay State Park entrance, go 9.4 miles north on Rte. 1. At Antone's Triangle Store, bear right. At .3 miles go straight between the red building and the IOOF hall, then 3.4 miles. Take the right turn before the pavement ends (don't take the dirt road), 1.2 miles past cemetery on right, then 1.7 miles at right turn. There you are.

West Quoddy Head State Park, east-



The author, Lilly, and Chris take a lunch break onshore.

ernmost point of the U.S. with the famous candy-striped lighthouse. Take the road out to Lubec and turn on South Lubec Road, watch for signs. It has a wonderful two-mile hiking trail that follows 90-foot high cliffs along the shore. At the north end is an Arctic bog, one of the few in the Northeast, with pitcher plants and sundews - both eat insects - growing in peat moss. Bring binoculars to look for whales along Grand Manan Island.

Campobello. On a really rainy day, it's fun to visit Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt's summer cottage on Campobello Island (free) in New Brunswick. Franklin's mother gave it to the couple for their wedding. Unfortunately the former president didn't travel here after he contracted polio. Campobello has a great hiking trail system that goes along the shore. Drive out to Head Harbor to view New Brunswick's islands and fast currents. Cross the spit to East Quoddy Head light, but don't get caught on the incoming tide.

Moosehorn National Wildlife Refuge in Edmunds has various nature programs. Headquarters, located on Charlotte Road, are open Mon.-Fri. 7:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Check out the local weekly newspaper *The Downeast Coastal Press* for what's going on at the refuge.

Freshwater Swimming: Although, it's off the beaten path, we would recommend Six Mile Lake with a small public beach,

north of Machias. Beware, it's difficult to spot from the road. The lake is exactly 4.5 miles north from the juncture of Routes 1A and 192 in Machias on Route 192. Look for a parking area in the trees and the caved-in picnic table roof (1996).□



This happened faster than I expected but now I'm a deckhand on the sailing ship *Matthew Turner*, albeit unpaid and part time. She's a brand new wooden brigantine 132' long. I've been going out on sails three days each week (which is enough, the deckhand life is exhausting and there's no alone time on the ship) and showing up for maintenance and summer camp days as well. The campers go sailing and build ship models in the wood shop.

When I started I thought we could develop a lot of new oceanography/science activities to do on board but the constraints of a typical three or four hour cruise quickly became apparent, in that format we can't make things too complicated. Early in the cruise the passengers/students/campers are way too interested in the operations of the ship, and later in the cruise they're tired. So I mostly do plankton tows, sail handling and lead sea shanties.

Yeah, that's right, initiating and leading sea shanties has become part of my gig. You just have to be loud and ham it up, that I can do. I know "South Australia," "Leave Her Jonny," "Drunken Sailor" and "Cape Cod Girls." The format is call and response, where I sing a line or two of nonsense at the top of my lungs (it's very windy out there) and the passengers sing out a refrain like "Heave away! Haul away!" "We are bound for Australia," etc.

I also collect plankton and put some under the ship's microscope which is hooked up to a computer screen so everyone can look at the same time and teach the basics about plankton. When I first got on board they were doing plankton tows while sailing with the ship's big net and coming up empty, the sample just didn't look like plankton soup and it should look like that. Something was wrong with the net, I still don't know what, but I brought in my little 8" 30-year-old plankton net and used that at the dock before we went out and got great samples. So now I'm a go to guy for plankton as well.

But mostly what I do is sail handling. There is a LOT of sail handling to be done on this ship and it keeps us all busy for hours. The square sails have many more lines to control them than the triangular sails. There are 11 sails on the *Matthew Turner* (we don't set all of them at once) and roughly 100 identical looking lines to manage them, sheets, halyards, bunts, braces, topping lifts, out-hauls, downhauls, etc., etc. All these lines come down from the masts and are tied to wooden pins at the rail and the only way to know which line is which is to memorize its position in the row of pins.

We don't have set duties, the mate will yell out something like, "Hands to set the lower topsail!" and we shout, "Hands to set the lower topsail!" while moving to the appropriate places at the wooden pins. On board we always repeat every order. Whoever jumps to a particular line first gets to handle that line. But some of them, like the halyards, require three or four people heaving with everything they've got. We let the passengers haul up the mainsail, a long row of people heaving on one line.

Usually when the ship is doing a maneuver, as soon as we have hauled in or eased a particular line we have to run over to a different place on the deck and do another because every part of every sail needs adjusting. So in a few minutes there are dozens of lines jumbled up on the deck. Then we have

What It's Like to Volunteer on a Tall Ship

By Mike Wing



Brigantine *Matthew Turner*



Crew on the *Turner*.

to coil each one neatly and hang the coil on the wooden pin like it was before. Everyone is really persnickety about making the coils perfect and symmetrical and all the same size, so I usually have to redo each coil several times before it looks good enough. Then a few minutes later there is another maneuver and we do it all again.

Besides matching T-shirts, we wear harnesses like the ones rock climbers use. That's because in order to furl the square sails several people have to climb up the mast and then lay out onto the horizontal yards to do the furling. We are literally standing on one shaky rope, like a slack line, leaning over the yard while pulling the sail towards us, 40'-80' above the deck. Another volunteer named Randall taught me how.

Laying aloft on the fore.



We free climb up the rope ladder (not clipped in at all) and once we get to the horizontal yard we clip in with a couple of carabiners. About 50' above the deck there is a little horizontal wooden platform attached to the mast, like a tree fort with no railing. The platform has two square holes in it that Randall calls "lubber holes," he says we're not supposed to climb through them but pull ourselves up and around the outside edge of the platform. We are clipped in during this part. I went through the lubber hole the first time, but now I do it Randall's way.



The lubber hole.

The whole experience is making me feel like I'm 21 again and the rest of the crew more or less are 21. Most of them live on board. A few are college students who are going back to college in the fall. The turnover is high for crew on tall ships, a few months to a year is a typical period of time to serve on one. That's partly because most tall ships operate seasonally, stopping operations in the winter. Also because these 20-something-year-olds are always trying something new. They are paid \$400/week plus room, board and occasional tips. I am hoping that I can do this part time on the *Turner* for years and maybe go on some of the longer cruises as time permits. They have three to five day educational sails and even longer trips to Baja in mid winter.

Besides the *Matthew Turner*, the organization has a smaller ship docked next to her called the *Seaward*, an 82' staysail schooner. She is just as beautiful in her own way as the *Turner* and probably faster upwind, but since she doesn't have square sails and isn't brand new she isn't as glamorous and these days the *Turner* gets all the love.

The physical part is not too hard. Yes, the lines are rough on our hands and we're always jumping from task to task. Yes, I was jittery the first time I went aloft but once I realized there's no way the harness can let me fall I got over that. Yes, a half day sail somehow becomes a full day when we include all the preparation, cleaning and putting the ship to bed afterwards.

What's challenging is the mental part. It's being the most inept person on the ship. It's being constantly corrected by crew who are younger than my own children but who actually do know more about it. "No, we don't coil halyards like that. Let me show

you..." "We never use a locking turn here..." "ALWAYS stand forward of this cleat..." There are a million little ways to do things wrong and sometimes it feels like the only way to get them right is to do them all wrong a bunch of times first and get corrected. So I have to accept that and absolutely leave my 57-year-old guy ego on shore, that's what's difficult. Never get defensive or justify myself, just smile, listen, watch, and learn.

How'd I Get into This?

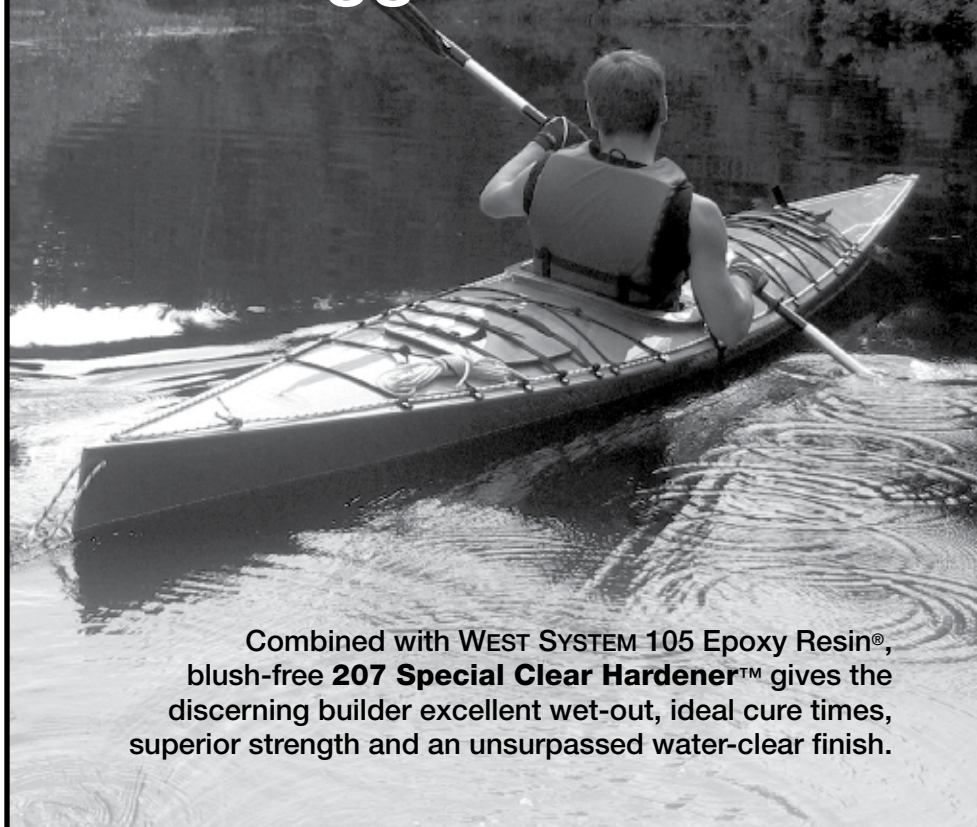
The *Matthew Turner* is based in Sausalito, California, across the bay from San Francisco and a few miles from the Golden Gate Bridge. She is owned by Call of the Sea, an educational nonprofit organization. I did this because I was starting to think about retiring in a few years and I wanted to have something meaningful to do then. I know too many people who have retired and then just sit at home doing not much. Then I realized that I didn't have to wait until retirement to get involved with this ship. The opportunity wasn't there before, the ship was only completed in 2020, right around the time covid closed everything down.



Seaward and Matthew.



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Meandering the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

Red Top, Nice Sail

Very nice. In water 11:30am, anchored at 8pm. Sailed in to Cedar dugout area. Went into the backwater bayous, met up with Poverty Reef, got out and pulled the boat across the shoals. Good shoes on. The wind started climbing. Maybe gusts to 22, 15 SE steady full sail. After a nice long day, a sleepless night, very sleepless.

And, btw, I fell in the water today. A very busy Saturday morning and I took a dunking. I had tied to the inside corner of the dock, bow tied to the dock which set 90° to which the stern was tied. Stepping aboard is not quite the same. With me in the water, swimming around the corner to the ramp was a no go. At first I tried stepping off a block or two I noticed had been nailed to the pile, but upper body strength is not what it used to be.

Dropping the leeboard and securing the pendant to its cleat, making a stirrup, I was back aboard before I became the talk of the morning. That's the amazing part. I guess had I hit my head and drown did it, I been found in due time, would've made the papers twice, front page, "Local sailor drowns on a fine Saturday morning" and again in the back, in the obits. Not many would receive that kind of recognition.

Didn't happen though. My mother-in-law tells me all the time, "don't drown out there!" I tell her, "I don't have any control over when I die." I don't, neither do you. When our time the good Lord gave us is used up, it's used up. Simple really. Don't go twisting my words to say I'm being stupid, I'm not. I'd just as soon not hit the water this morning. Oh well.

Coming back to Rockport that afternoon, late evening, the wind piped up to a constant 18 to 20. Port tack. Leaving the ICW and zeroing in on Key Allegro, I had to tack, my only tack all the way back. Burying the rail too many times, by the time I got to the anchorage I had to pump for ten minutes. That was after setting two anchors by hand and before I warmed up my dinner and cleaned up. Nice and breezy, that kept the mosquitoes at bay.

All in all a good time on the water, the good far outweighed the discomfort.

Took *Red Top* Out

Took *Red Top* out this afternoon, about three hours. Wind SE at 20, gust to 25. The wind waves were smaller than the other day with the same speed but NNE, giving more fetch. Both were nice though. Left the dock with the first reef in, this sail I'm using is total of 79sf. A better all around sail.

Went out into Aransas Bay, then back around Tally Island and through the back water, lots of fish in there. Then onto Este Flats for a bit, joined up with the ICW in front of Palm Harbour, then back to Cove. Had it all to myself. I like that.

I'm signed up for the TX200 but it's losing its draw on me. I'm guessing it never had much to begin with. The people are super, friendly as all get out, oh well, my loss.

I'm heading off alone a few days before the event starts, not sure just which direction, most likely north. I'm not a good example of filing float plans either. How can one follow a whim and stick with a plan?

I hitchhiked to the East Coast like that one time with a surfboard. It worked then, still works. Brings to mind a fellow was being looked after, nobody knew just what happened, he slipped out in a fog.

My back has been bothering me lately, even raising *Red Top's* mast was killing me. I stumbled upon a new technique. I step it with the boat in the water snuggled up to the dock. Ez-pz. So much better, I'm still learning new things. Amazing.

Now I've got to go through the collection of junk within and offload what's not being used to the shed.

All in all a good day on the water.

I Got Rid Of

I got rid of a boat today, telling my wife at the dinner table. John came by to pick up an old bed frame and I ended up giving him a tour of the place. The Sunfish caught his eye, I was hopeful.

That particular Sunfish followed me home one afternoon while out 'n about with the wife. She helped me load it into the truck,

matter of fact. It being in repairable shape, another one came by one day belonging to a young sailor who approached me one afternoon on the docks. Asked if I could fix her Sunfish. Her father brought it by, I repaired it and it left.

Another came by for repairs and is still laying under the oak. I've given myself another six weeks for that repair, a two hour job, if that. Priorities coming before the latest Sunfish.

The one that left today won't be back. I've learned something along the way, "No returns,"

I say as they leave. This one is going to be turned into some kind of yard art. The wife of the fellow was about to show me an idea she had on her phone concerning the Fish but she dropped her phone just when a swarm of mosquitoes attacked and she retreated to the truck.

John loaded the boat, I told him there was too much hanging out the back end, he wasn't too concerned, I also told him the next time he comes over not to bring so many mosquitoes with him.

Later this evening I checked my messages, John's wife had called to say thanks for the boat, she said thanks about 1,500 times. I thought about telling her thanks. Now I don't have to cut up an old and wore out Sunfish and haul it off to the dump. I'm guessing this transaction was a win/win situation. A good way to go.

Garage Sailing

I was a bit slow getting up this morning, actually up too early and after several attempts of getting more sleep I gave it up and went for coffee with the boys. Back at the house Linda was stirring early, having homed in on a few garage sales in the neighborhood the night before, she waved before me the thought of going with her and she'd sport for breakfast burritos. Just not fair using those tactics.

The first sale we hit turned to be a motherlode. Linda's shopping cart would have been overflowing had she one. The kind lady insisted we use plastic grocery bags. She dropped \$14. I said what about those burritos?

I had bought a workbench with a substantial vise on one corner of the bench at this same sale. A nice strong one. The bench is made of 2"x6"s, 8' long, stout. Asked if I could come back later to pick it up and we were off to the taco stand.

Eating our breakfast down at the end of Market St on the water, nice view, no wind, glassy, we often eat there. Heading back to pick up the workbench, Linda eyes another garage sale, "Let's go!" she says.

"Nah! Let's go get that bench first."

"OK," she says, then adds, "You're not a professional garage sailor. You should go to the one we just passed and pick up the bench afterward, all the good stuff will be gone." We carried on.



We got help loading the workbench and I pulled the truck forward and while waiting for other garage sailors to move their vehicles, Linda went back in to the sale and bought another outdoor table. Incredible!

Then off to visit with a friend of hers, she stops by another garage sale. Crazy, we've a small house. Luckily we have two lots. Fun times in retirement. A friend recently told me she was a professional. I'm sure he's correct.

Goosewing Jibe

HFD, went sailing on *Red Top*. S wind 18 to 21 gusting to 26, had it all to myself. Left dock with first reef in, did well. Kind of wet, wore Levis, mistake. Wet and sticky all afternoon. Nice sail though, missed a few tacks, then a first with *Red Top*, did a goosewing jibe. The boom came around but the yard stayed where it was. Bummer. Had to come back through the wind and do it again after straightening things out.

That little performance was at the entrance to Cove Harbour. Had the new bar and grill been open I could have got a free beer out of the deal, I'm sure. Did something similar in front of the bar at Paradise Key around the corner and got applause a few years back. Fun stuff.

The sky was filled with clouds, some high, others low, the lower ones spit a few times, the water grey. Old *Red Top* was chewing bones once in a while. Went through the back waters at Talley Island cut, out onto Este Flats, then south a bit and circled around through the back waters again before crossing Este Flats one more time to the ICW and back to Cove for the goosewing jibe.

No other sailors, just a few fishermen, and some of those fisherwomen, didn't see any fisher persons though. I think they fish mostly on the left coast.

Two Widgeons

Here's a story about two O'Day sailboats, both being Widgeons. Several years ago I had an idea of getting two small beach cruisers made up for coastal cruising along this Texas Coast I have been so blessed to now be living on. I even wrote a few stories on the subject entitled "Bob 'n Larry," a couple of New Yorkers sailing their own craft in warmer months. In the stories these two characters came to Texas and sailed these Widgeons for a few winters.

Well, I started putting the dreams into action and started on the first Widgeon. The idea of one in the bed of the pickup, the other on its own trailer. Reasoning being a one way trip to a drop off point. The one riding in the back of the truck needed to be nesting.



The work began. I gutted the inside, took off the foredeck, added storage above the forward flotation boxes, keeping a space between the boxes for water storage in gallon containers.



A forward bulkhead, $\frac{3}{4}$ " overkill, to help with the shrouds P&S. Same size aft where the transom was cut off about 30" from the end, a few inches aft of centerboard case. I added a few stiffening syringes covered in epoxy fiberglass. Removing the insides gave room for two comfortable seats facing forward, comfortable for me with my bad back.



The aft box, the top being kept lower than the sheer as well the forward boxes, allows for tiedown storage as well. The insides of the boxes, fore 'n aft, are empty, capped plastic bottles filled with expanding foam.



Sleeping aboard was a challenge, too high, too much listing during a norther. I lowered the berth but hadn't got around to using it. I found with my Lehman 12 as a lee-boarder, the center being open makes a much better berth on a 12-footer.

When this was up and running, used as a lug rig as well, I started looking around for another Widgeon.

Raining Here Lately

The swamp out back can't hold any more water. We give the chickens PFDs. I told Linda go stand in the deeper pond area, I'll take your picture. She said, "No." We are forecast to get 10" to 15".

We're very glad the builder of our existing house built it high by bringing in loads of sand and then built 2' off the ground.

Got a text from a fellow sailor, "Are you out sailing in this stuff?"

I answered, "Was thinking about it." Linda rolled her eyes.

So went a letter to my brothers and sister and loved ones. I do think about sailing in this stuff. Sometimes I even muster up the fortitude and take a small sailboat out and meet the front head on. It's not something I'd recommend, it's more like "don't do this at home" type of thing. Yet I go, disregarding my own advice.

Why so? Well it brings me closer to experiencing the conditions I read about by the more adventurous. How be it on a much smaller scale, much smaller, I'm not kidding myself nor any others. Another thing it does, it helps me to become a better sailor, in that department I need plenty of help.

I'd written that story about how I'd redesigned a Widgeon 12' sailboat built by the O'Day corporation. Just the insides, making it more user friendly for this aging body. Today at the shop I was wishing I hadn't put W2 out side. W2 is my second Widgeon I'm in the middle of redoing as well. In this rain I could get a lot done on it were it back in the shop. I'm planning on a small enclosed cabin on the thing, all controls inside. It'd be a nice ride on days like this. That writeup will be sometime in the future.

Nemasket River Adventure

On May 1, Norumbega's first return to the water in almost 18 months saw three canoes and four people on the upper Nemasket River in Lakeville, Massachusetts. Trip leaders Ben Bailey and Michelle were joined by Mit Wanzer and your editor for a pleasant paddle from the Old Bridge Street landing upstream to the outlet dam at Assawompset Pond and then returning to the put in.

There was a bit of a current to be dealt with going upriver but we had a nice tail wind helping with the work. On the way back the current helped with the head wind. Our total time on the water was just over three hours, we were back to the Old Bridge landing in time for lunch.

The Baileys brought a nice 15' Old Town lightweight canoe in very good original condition. Mit came with a 15' Chestnut Bob's Special, recently repainted and revarnished. Your editor arrived with the red 16-footer from Stevens Canoe Works.

Wildlife was abundant, we saw several osprey and a pair of bald eagles who appeared to be either building a new nest or repairing an existing one in a big old white pine. They were busily toting sticks to their work site and returning for another. Red wing blackbirds always like rivers of this sort, they were all around us as we paddled. Several snapping turtles were sighted, one a huge one in shallow water near the shore. Painted turtles were out enjoying the sunshine, having as nice a day as we were.

This is a trip we should schedule every year, it is perfect for wooden canoes. Deep water with no obstructions, plenty of parking and easy to get to and no car shuttle to deal with.



Michelle and Ben Bailey in the 15' Old Town.



Stopping at the dam to stretch our legs.



The outlet dam at Assawompset Pond, this is as far as we could go, the pond is a protected water supply, no boats allowed.

NORUMBEGA CHAPTER ~WCHA

The Southern New England Chapter of the
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, Ltd.

Barry Goldberg's Chestnut Canoe Restoration Report

Chestnut #17343 has been in our family since the early '70s. She was acquired by my brother Ben when he was living in Calgary, British Columbia, as barter for a construction project. Ownership was transferred to me, again through a barter agreement, in the late '70s and she was brought to Massachusetts, where she has been ever since.



As she arrived, broken, bruised and tired but looking for a new life.

Primarily used for day trips to local ponds and rivers in the western suburbs of Boston, we also took her on occasional weekend trips to ponds near Bangor, Maine, a river expedition down the Union River near Amherst, Maine, and, until 2001 when access to the esplanade lagoons adjacent to the Hatch Memorial Shell and along the Charles River in Boston were closed to watercraft, we went on an annual Fourth of July trip from Magazine Beach in Cambridge to the lagoon next to the Hatch Shell for the Boston Pops Fourth of July concert and fireworks display.

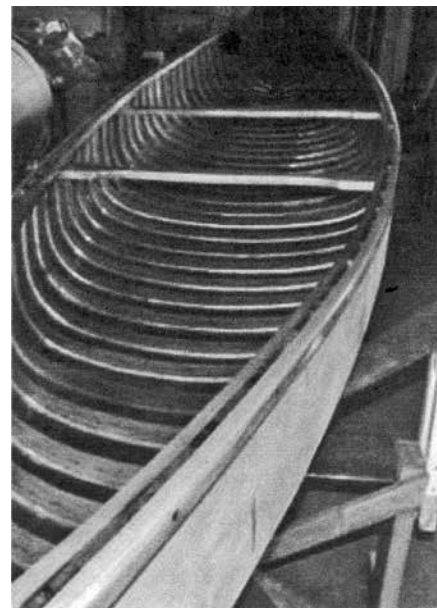
Although stored in a garage and treated with kindness and respect, after 45+ years #17343 required new canvas and restoration. I researched local restoration options and, through the WCHA, I found Dylan Schoelzel at the Salmon Falls Canoe Co in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts. Dylan offered an opportunity to rebuild the canoe in his shop. He would provide the space, materials and instruction and I would provide the canoe and labor. I jumped at the chance.

In 2016, with my son Aaron, a cabinet maker now in Taos, New Mexico, Dylan guided us through the required repairs. During the restoration several cracked ribs were replaced, port and starboard gunnels, both inside and outside, were replaced, the planking was patched in several areas, new decks were made, a new keel, new seat frames were made and caned and new canvas applied.

Barry and Aaron stretching the canvas at Salmon Falls.



We brought the canoe back to Boston after coating with filler, and sanded. To match the original "Tomato" color we mixed four quarts of Epifanes Red and three quarts Epifanes Orange Yacht Enamel and applied a total of seven coats. Epifanes Spar Varnish was applied to all the exposed wood surfaces. Lastly, the stem and stern guide bands were in good shape and were reattached.



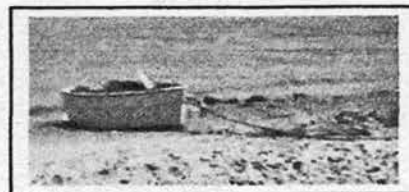
Interior varnished and ready for paint.

Model identification of #17343 has proven difficult. Records and catalogues of hull numbers, work order numbers and corresponding models are unavailable. The best means of identification is by description. #17343 is 16' long, she has ribs that are 2 1/2" wide, 3/8" thick and spaced 2" apart. Measured from the bottom planking to a string stretched between the highest points on the stems she is 22 1/4" deep. Measured from the bottom plank to the top of the middle thwart she is 11 1/2" deep.

Perhaps one of the WCHA members with expertise can make a positive identification. Best I can determine according to the model descriptions #17343 is either a Pal or a Prospector. Whatever official name she goes by, in our family she is a treasure.

The finished canoe on launching day.





Seventh Birthday Present - 1938

By Ray Hartjen

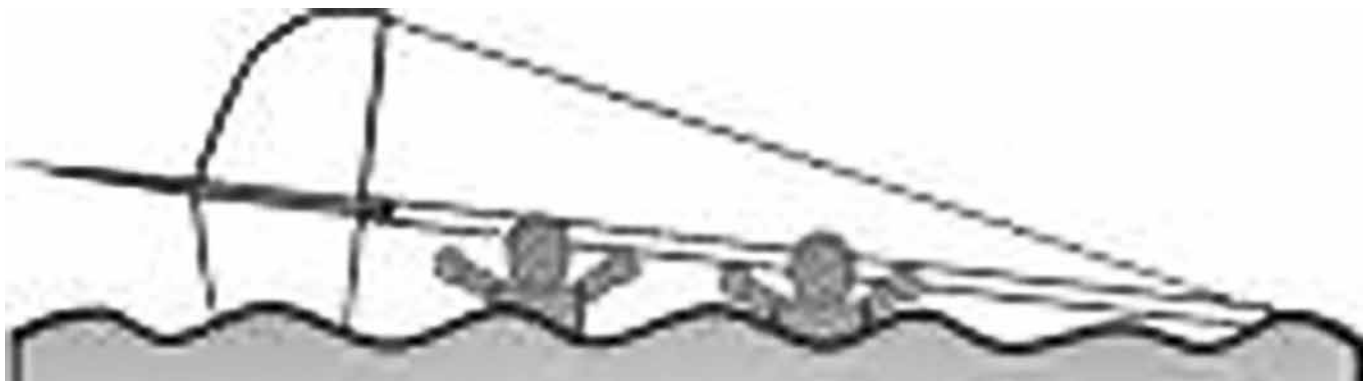
Standing Orders: Sail down the beach and row back, stay within hearing distance, which I often exceeded, when Mom would call me back using her megahorn.

Underlying Story: On my seventh birthday I received word that a rowboat had been dropped off at my house but they had erred by dropping it off several houses down the block. I also heard that Mr Van, who built the boat, was lacking wood for the bottom and had asked my father to provide the \$16 for the wood.

Within the first summer, my father managed to add a square sail

utilizing a pole and a window shade which, as can be seen in the photos, my mother assisted me and a friend to sail along the shore.

The next summer found the boat with a Marconi fore and aft sail, leeboards from a canoe and a rudder. It is then that I learned to sail upwind. The boat got lots of use with my friends and as a device for learning the effects of sinking and turning over when we managed to swim underneath and catch the captive air inside the upturned hull and talk through the hull. My request to do this was that the boat had lots of sand in it and needed washing out.



Eight Cubans Interdicted

Miami, Florida: The Coast Guard Cutter *Kathleen Moore* crew repatriated eight Cubans to Cuba after they were interdicted off Islamorada's coast. A Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry Aircrew spotted and notified Coast Guard Station Key West watchstanders of a green rustic raft with eight people aboard 41 miles east of Islamorada. Station Islamorada law enforcement team embarked the eight Cuban adult males and transferred them to the Cutter *Kathleen Moore* to be repatriated.

"Migrant interdiction patrols help save lives by deterring dangerous illegal migrant activity and removing migrants from dangerous environments," said Capt Michael Gesele, Coast Guard District Seven Chief of Enforcement. "The Coast Guard patrols the Florida Straits, Windward Passage and the Mona Passage, maintaining a solid presence with air and sea assets. Migrants attempting to enter the United States illegally can expect to be repatriated, regardless of their nationality."

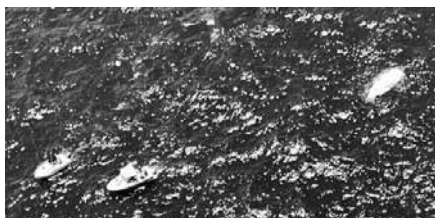


Two Incidents Make a Long Workday

St Petersburg, Florida: Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg watchstanders and good Samaritans rescued five people in two separate incidents near Anclote and Indian Rocks Beach.

In the first incident, watchstanders received an urgent call via VHF-FM Channel 16 from a man who could not locate his two friends who were diving off his boat about seven miles west of Anclote. The watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast and directed the launch of a Station Sand Key small boat crew and an Air Station Clearwater MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew. Two separate good Samaritan boat crews responded, located the divers and brought them aboard their vessels.

In the second incident, St Petersburg watchstanders received a MAYDAY call over VHF-FM Channel 16 and a report from a boater who saw orange distress flares. The watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast and directed the launch of a Station Sand Key small boat crew and an Air Station Clearwater MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew.



Diver in Distress

St Thomas, USVI: Coast Guard Boat Forces Detachment St Thomas and Coast Guard Air Station Borinquen crews combined efforts to rescue a diver in distress off Dutchcap Cay in St Thomas, US Virgin Islands. The man, reported to be a US citizen in his 60s, was approximately four hours in the water before he was rescued over 1.7 nautical miles north from his original position.



Our Coast Guard in Action



40' Shrimper Capsizes

Charleston, South Carolina: The Coast Guard responded to a 40' shrimp boat that capsized one mile east of Morris Island. A Charleston Metro Marine unit recovered all three people who went into the water and the survivors were taken to Shem Creek boat ramp. The shrimp boat has approximately 120 gallons of fuel that had the potential to discharge so the Coast Guard was actively monitoring the situation and working with the owner on salvage plans.



Eleven on a 16' Raft

Miami, Florida: The Coast Guard Cutter *William Trump* crew repatriated 21 Cubans to Cuba after they were interdicted off Key West's coast. A good Samaritan alerted Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders to a raft with 11 people aboard off Alligator Reef Light. Station Islamorada law enforcement officers reported one of the Cubans deceased. The deceased's son reported the raft had cap-

sized at the start of their voyage resulting in loss of their food, water, medication and his father passed away during the voyage.

In the second interdiction, a good Samaritan alerted Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders Tuesday, to a 16' raft with 11 people aboard off Marathon. The good Samaritan provided life jackets, food and water to the Cubans and due to 10'-12' foot seas stayed with them until Coast Guard Cutter *William Trump* arrived on scene.



Eleven Persons in the Water

Key West, Florida: Coast Guard Cutter *Resolute* small boat crew rescued eight people from the water approximately 16 miles south of Key West, Florida. While on routine patrol, the *Resolute* crew spotted multiple people in the water and alerted Sector Key West watchstanders. During interviews the eight survivors reported they left Puerto de Mariel, Cuba, and later capsized and that there were still ten people missing in the water. Two people were recovered deceased. The survivors remained aboard the cutter where they received food, water and basic medical attention.

With Department of Defense and local agency crews, they conducted multiple search patterns for more than 123 hours. These searches covered approximately 8,864 square miles, which is almost the size of New Hampshire.



Blaze Causes Vessel Evacuation

Charleston, South Carolina: A good Samaritan and the Coast Guard rescued five people after a 57' boat caught fire five miles east of Capers Inlet. Coast Guard Sector Charleston watchstanders received a call from the operator of the boat stating the boat caught fire and five people were disembarking into in a life raft with life jackets. The good Samaritan *Deliverance* crew saw the fire and responded, recovering the survivors from the life raft and transferred the survivors to the RBM which transited back to Station Charleston.

"This rescue was successful due to the fact all five people had life jackets on and a life raft was available able to get them safely off the burning vessel," said Petty Officer 3rd Class Max Alderman, RBM operator.



Kayaker in Distress

Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana: A Rescue Boat-Small approaches a capsized kayak in Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana, safely rescuing the kayaker from the water after receiving a report of a person in distress.



20' Cruiser with 22 Onboard

Miami, Florida: The Coast Guard Cutter *Confidence* crew repatriated 20 Haitian migrants to Cap Haitien, Haiti, following an at sea interdiction 11 miles east of Lake Worth. Sector Miami watchstanders received a report from a Customs and Border Protection maritime patrol aircraft crew who interdicted a 28' boat with 21 Haitian migrants and one Colombian national onboard. The Colombian national was brought ashore for further investigation by Homeland Security.



Forty-Six Cubans Interdicted

Miami, Florida: The Coast Guard Cutter *Kathleen Moore* crew repatriated 46 Cuban migrants to Cuba, Monday, from four interdictions.

In the first interdiction, the Cutter *Kathleen Moore*'s crew located a migrant vessel and notified Sector Key West watchstanders, May 27, approximately 45 miles north of Bahia Honda, Cuba.

In the second interdiction, the Coast Guard Cutter *Resolute*'s crew spotted and rescued migrants from the water, May 27, approximately 16 miles south of Key West, and transferred the migrants to Cutter *Kathleen Moore*.



In the third interdiction, a Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircrew spotted a rustic vessel and notified Sector Key West watchstanders, May 28, approximately 23 miles south of Key West. The Cutter *Resolute* arrived on scene and embarked the migrants and later transferred the migrants to Cutter *Kathleen Moore*.

In the fourth interdiction, Coast Guard District Seven watchstanders received a report from a good Samaritan of a rustic vessel, approximately 69 miles south of the Marquesas. Cutter *Kathleen Moore* arrived on scene and safely embarked the migrants.

Four Heads in the Water

Miami, Florida: Coast Guard Cutter *Flying Fish*'s crew was on patrol when they spotted a capsized boat with four people in the water. A *Flying Fish* small boat crew rescued the people from the water with no medical concerns. The boaters stated that they were fishing when they took a wave over the stern and capsized. They were transported to Jungle Island Marina. The 18' boat sank and poses no hazard to navigation.



Multiple Vessels Assisted

Key West, Florida: A Coast Guard Cutter *Valiant* law enforcement team interdicted a vessel with ten people aboard that was taking on water. The people were transferred to the cutter, one person was brought to shore for further investigation.

At approximately the same time a Station Key West law enforcement team launched for a 15' vessel with four people aboard. They were transferred to the station's boat and reported in good health.

A Station Marathon law enforcement team launched after a good Samaritan reported seeing a white and brown vessel with three people aboard. All three were transferred to the station's boat.



Four Sailors Complete a Round Trip: Cuba to Key Largo to Cuba

Key Largo, Florida: A Station Islamorada law enforcement team launched after a Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations crew reported an unseaworthy boat heading north from 20 miles east of Key Largo with four people aboard. The law enforcement team interdicted four Cuban migrants and transferred them to the cutter. The migrants were repatriated Monday by the *Kathleen Moore* crew.



Meanwhile, 15 Miles off Puerto Rico

San Juan, Puerto Rico: The aircrew of a US Customs and Border Protection maritime patrol aircraft detected an illegal voyage approximately 15 nautical miles northwest of Desecheo Island, Puerto Rico. The Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Tezanos* responded to the sighting and interdicted the 35' vessel with the assistance of the cutter's small boat. The cutter's crew safely embarked the migrants from the makeshift vessel that was grossly overloaded and taking on water. A Puerto Rico Police Joint Forces of Rapid Action marine unit also responded and arrived on scene to assist.

Prior to embarking cutter *Joseph Tezanos*, the crew provided the migrants with lifejackets. Once aboard a Coast Guard cutter, the migrants receive food, water and basic medical attention. The crew of Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Tezanos* repatriated 38 migrants to the Dominican Republic



Four Spend Stormy Night Clinging to Capsized Boat

St Petersburg, Florida: The Coast Guard rescued four people who spent the night clinging to a boat that capsized in a heavy storm, 30 miles west of Cedar Key.

Sector St Petersburg watchstanders received an urgent radio call at from the 20' vessel crew reporting their vessel was taking on water. After the distress call, the watchstanders lost contact with the boaters as a heavy thunderstorm moved through the area. The watchstanders directed the launch of an Air Station Clearwater HC-130 Hercules aircrew, a Jayhawk aircrew, a Station Yankee town 27' Utility Boat-Medium crew and the Coast Guard Cutter *Diamondback* was diverted. Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission personnel were notified and launched assets.

The Jayhawk aircrew spotted debris in the water and then shortly after found the capsized vessel with the four mariners on the hull 12 hours after the initial distress call, all wearing life jackets. The helicopter aircrew safely hoisted the four people and they were taken to Crystal River airfield to awaiting emergency medical personnel. The four people were reported to have mild hypothermia.



Three Fishermen Rescued

Montauk, New York: Coast Guard Sector Long Island Sound watchstanders received a VHF radio call from the 44' commercial fishing vessel *Nite Nurse* crew, reporting that the vessel was taking on water and sinking 72 nautical miles southeast of Montauk. The Coast Guard issued an Urgent Marine Information Broadcast and dispatched a Coast Guard Air Station Cape Cod MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew, a HC-144 Ocean Sentry airplane crew and Coast Guard Cutter *Kingfisher* to the scene.

The *Nite Nurse* crew was advised to don life jackets and ensure they had an Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon (EPIRB) with them prior to abandoning ship into their life raft. The helicopter crew arrived on scene and located the life raft. All three fishermen were safely hoisted into the helicopter and transported to Coast Guard Air Station Cape Cod where emergency medical services personnel were waiting.

"This case was a success because these mariners did everything professional mariners should do to be found," said Lt Banning Lobmeyer, the HC-144 Ocean Sentry pilot who flew on this case. "They reported the problem early which led to a quicker response time from our crews. They stayed with their boat as long as possible before getting into their life raft, took and used flares and an EPIRB." and they were dressed appropriately in



Boating at Night Without Running Lights

Miami, Florida: Palm Beach Sheriff officers reported to Sector Miami watchstanders, a 27' vessel was located boating without lights at night. The vessel was stopped for safety concerns and it was discovered the boat was overloaded with 18 Haitians and one Bahamian. The Bahamian national was brought ashore for further questioning by Homeland Security Investigations. Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations law enforcement officers took custody of the vessel.



Black Oil Bilge Slop Discovered Near Biloxi

New Orleans, Louisiana: Members of Coast Guard Sector Mobile's Incident Management Division responded to a report of black oil found near Back Bay in Biloxi, Mississippi. Coast Guard Sector Mobile watchstanders received a report of a discharge of black oil bilge slop in a highly sensitive environmental area of Back Bay near Biloxi. Members of the Sector Mobile Incident Management Division responded, took oil samples for analysis, hired a contractor for cleanup operations and is actively searching for the responsible party.

Anyone with information regarding this case should contact the Coast Guard Sector Mobile Incident Management Division at 251-379-8785.



2020 Recreational Boating Statistics

The Report reveals that there were 767 boating fatalities nationwide in 2020, a 25.1% increase from 2019.

The report also shows that in 2020 the fatality rate was 6.5 deaths per 100,000 registered recreational vessels, the highest in the program's recent history. This rate represents a 25% increase from last year's fatality rate of 5.2 deaths per 100,000 registered recreational vessels.

Where cause of death was known, 75% of fatal boating accident victims drowned. Of those drowning victims with reported life jacket usage, 86% were not wearing a life jacket.

Property damage totaled about \$62.6 million.

Operator inattention, operator inexperience, improper lookout, excessive speed and machinery failure ranked as the top five primary contributing factors in accidents.

All 47' Motor Life Boats Undergo Life Extension Retrofit

The 47' MLB is the Coast Guard's standard lifeboat, designed to weather hurricane force winds and heavy seas, capable of surviving winds up to 60 knots, breaking surf up to 20' and impacts up to three Gs. And, if the boat should capsize, it self rights with all equipment remaining fully functional.

The current in service MLBs were built from 1997 to 2003 and are now approaching the end of their original 25-year service life. The goal is to extend the 47 MLBs' service life for an additional 20 years and retain or exceed their original operational capabilities and characteristics.

The systems are designed to reduce total ownership cost and improve reliability and maintainability. Powered by twin diesel engines and a standard vee drive/shaft/propeller propulsion system configuration, the 47C meets the US Coast Guard technical requirements and exceeds requirements in the areas of fuel economy and noise. The boat is fitted with new consoles, navigation systems, fire suppression systems, crew seating, lighting, power generation and electrical system components.



Allisions and Collisions

The NTSB finalized its report on the collision between the liquefied gas carrier, *Genesis River* and the tank barge *MV Voyager* two years ago May in Houston's Ship Channel. The facts are pretty simple. The 754' *Genesis River* was outbound when it met *BW Oak* and they successfully passed port to port, but the *Genesis River* made a 16° turn and crossed into the barge lane, colliding with the *MV Voyager*, puncturing the center cargo tank of the barge and spilling 11,000 gallons of reformate, a gasoline blending agent. Damage to the vessels was over \$3.2 million but the cleanup cost over \$12.3 million and closed the channel for two days.

Now comes the interesting part for those of you who understand hydraulics and physics. Passing the *BW Oak* caused hydrodynamic effects that pushed the sterns away from each other and bank suction pushes the bow out and the stern in. This caused both vessels back into the center of the channel while yawing. Ultimately the *Genesis River* plowed into the *MV Voyager* at 12 knots.

The NTSB said that 12 knots was acceptable but was at a point where sea speed required perfection in ship handling because it would take seven minutes to come to a complete stop. The report further explained that hydrodynamics was of such force that dropping anchor or "full astern" would have no impact.

Shipwrecks

The Coast Guard section of *MAIB* is a wonderful addition and certainly identifies the amount of lifesaving done by Hooligans. Mississippi Bob can be proud of his service. Unfortunately they can't save everyone nor can they save every ship or boat.

A 43m scallop fishing boat, *Atlantic Destiny*, caught fire off Nova Scotia in the middle of 25' waves. Coast Guard from Canada and the US managed to rescue all 31 crewmen via helicopters. I guess it was Atlantic destiny.

The tanker *Nehir*, a Palau-flagged ship crewed by smugglers, opened the engine room valves in an attempt to scuttle the ship but Spanish authorities rescued the nine men and about 600lbs of cocaine before the ship sank.

March 11 was not good day to be a sailor. *Dana Trader* sank in the Med and nine were saved by the Egyptian Navy but one was dead and one was missing. Meanwhile, the *Volgo Balt 179* sank in the Black Sea during a storm. A Good Samaritan ship from Panama rescued the crew but, again, one was dead and one was missing. *Bach Dang*, a Vietnamese cargo ship capsized and ultimately sank but the crew was rescued off North Viet Nam.

The biggest disaster of the year has been the loss of Indonesia's submarine *Kra Nanggala 402* with all hands. Fifty-three sailors and officers died under somewhat questionable circumstances. Underwater cameras found the wreck at 3,000'. The crush depth of the submarine was 600'. Needless to say, submariners around the world noted the loss with understandable sympathy.

Gray Fleet

The Navy League of the United States magazine *Seapower* has dedicated an entire issue to the realm of what seems like a version of the *Twilight Zone*. Unmanned vehicles on the water, under the water, over the water are blossoming like lily pads making



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

us old duffers wondering when our minds entered the world of science fiction.

The possibility of using unmanned ships came in 1919 when then Captains William Leahy and Arthur Hepburn proposed that the Spanish American War battleship *USS Iowa* (BB-4) operate by radio remote control. Under guidance from General Electric, the ship was transformed for about \$83,000 (about \$1.3 million in today's money). In June 1921, the helmsman let go of the wheel and *USS Iowa* was controlled by people on the *USS Ohio*. She sailed about 8,000 yards. *Iowa* was then run remotely as planes targeted the battleship that tried to avoid hits. She was hit with concrete bombs but with minimal damage.

General Billy Mitchell wanted to use the *Iowa* as a target for live bombing in an attempt to show that ships were, in his mind, obsolete. The Navy fought back and Billy never got his chance. The Navy did sink Old Grey Ghost as a target for 14" guns from the *USS Mississippi*.

Technology has come a long way since those days and the Navy has developed a multitude of vessels that require no one aboard. DARPA's *Sea Hunter*, a trimaran, can sail for about 70 days without human intervention. Safe in seas of Category 5 hurricanes, *Sea Hunter* can be controlled by a human with a joy stick but she is designed to simply operate with minimal input. She can do the job of a destroyer but at a cost of \$15,000 per day versus \$700,00 for a destroyer. At 132' in length she is considered a Medium Unmanned Surface Vessel. Bigger things are on the table.

Think of an Orca. Well, it is appropriate to call the Navy's newest Extra-Large Unmanned Underwater Vehicle (XLUUV) after a whale. At 51' these test models are a whale of lot smaller than a *Virginia*-class (like the *USS Iowa* SSN-797) submarine that is 400' in length. The Navy has not released specific missions for the Orcas, however, it is certain that they will be used for intelligence gathering, anti submarine warfare and anti ship attack. Currently Boeing/HII is in competition with Lockheed-Martin with both producing test boats.

Couple the sea vessels with drones, unmanned fighters, bombers and reconnaissance planes, robots and armor vehicles and you have a war fighting machine that costs less and eliminates the high casualty lists. Think about Viet Nam with drone planes, robots running through the jungle on recon patrol, unmanned submarines sneaking into ports and clearing mines, pilotless choppers and robotic tanks. Technology is amazing.

On a personal note, my father said that penicillin and plasma saved thousands of service men in WWII that would have died in WWI. Technology may be doing the same thing for the next war.

Nomad, the Navy's "ghost" ship, an

unmanned surface ship operated by the of Strategic Capabilities Office (SCO), transited the Panama Canal after leaving her home berth in Mobile and undergoing extensive overhaul after a voyage to Norfolk. She was spotted by Marine Traffic.com, a group that keeps an eye on all oceanic ships.

Her sister ship of the Overlord Ghost Fleet, the *Ranger*, made a similar journey last year. She sailed 4,700 miles without anyone aboard. The two will be assigned to the Surface Development Squadron in San Diego, and will join the two *Sea Hunter* medium USVs.

The Navy announced that the *USNS Brunswick* (T-EPF-6) will be reconstructed as an autonomous craft and that *USNS Apalachicola* (T-EPF-13) will undergo major transformation into a ship that can be sailed with or without a crew. These two are catamarans. Using the same hull, electrical and mechanical systems, a new hospital ship has been ordered.

The United States cranked out two new ships in the first half of the year. *USS Montana*, a *Virginia*-class submarine, came out of Huntington Ingalls in Newport News. NASSCO of San Diego completed a badly needed *John Lewis* oiler for the Navy.

Interestingly, Japan pulled a name out of their history and planked it on a new frigate for their Maritime Self Defense Force (translated it means "Japanese Navy"). *Mogami* hit the seas early this year. The original *Mogami* was one of Japan's greatest cruisers during World War II. With lightning speed and lots of firepower, she bore the hopes of Asiatic domination. But Japanese engineering was not up to speed and the unique twin rudder ship was top heavy and hard to handle in rough seas.

In the early months of the war, she was an element of supporting Japanese Army landings and participating in the Battle of Sunda Strait in which the *USS Houston* and the *HMAS Perth* were sunk. She then protected four carriers as they attacked Midway. In "The Battle That Doomed Japan" (said a Japanese pilot), the four Japanese carriers were surprised by dive bombers and torpedo bombers under the overall command of Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher. Within a matter of minutes Japan's dream were destroyed.

Mogami, slightly battered in the battle, was subsequently harassed by Army Air Force B-17's without damage and she successfully avoided a raid by SBD dive bombers. The next day she was hammered by SBD planes from TF-16 under Rear Admiral Raymond Spruance. Despite serious injuries, *Mogami* was moving away slowly when she collided with sistership *Mikuma*. The cruiser had major damage to the bow, lost 81 men and had raging fires but she survived.

The battered lady was virtually rebuilt in Japan and sent out to participate in the Battle of the Philippine Sea where she again luckily survived while several ships of the Japanese fleet sank. She showed up again at the Battle of Leyte Gulf, arguably the greatest naval battle of WWII. Virtually hundreds of books have been written about Leyte Gulf that includes Bull Halsey's violating his order to protect the San Bernardino Straits and running off after a non existent fleet, the heroic self sacrifice of US destroyers against Japanese battleships and the rather sudden reversal of the Japanese Center Force. *Mogami*'s luck disappeared. She was pounded by 8" shells from the *USS Portland* that killed the captain and the bridge crew, she had five torpedoes explode internally

and then the *USS Louisville* and *USS Denver* blanketed her with 8' shells until abandon ship was called. A Japanese destroyer sank her with a Long Lance torpedo.

As happens in all nations, ships tend to be named after previous great vessels. *Mogami* is name prized in Japan, respected in the United States. May she sail peacefully.

Just about when we thought that everything about the *USS Thresher* had been hashed, rehearsed and discussed with graphs and pictures, our Navy released report #7 and 350 odd pages of further information, none of which seems to provide additional information to the knowledge base already known and understood. Some officers and engineers needed something to do with the taxpayers' money. Yup, the nozzles on the air tanks were too small and froze up due to compression and the temperature of the sea. Oops. Believe me, I did not read all 350 pages of the 7th report.

Silver Dolphins is a book about submarine sailors and life aboard a cigar tube boat. It is impolite, politically incorrect, crude and wonderfully accurate. The author thinks little of most officers, loves to party and spent all his money on booze and women, the rest he squandered. I really enjoyed the book, however, many may find it a bit salacious. To me it is every bubblehead I ever knew, just as Tom Cruise portrayed every fighter jock that wore Navy Blue.

Sea History, the journal of the National Maritime Historical Society, had an interesting "letter to the editor" response to a question about two massive mushroom-shaped things sticking out of a lighthouse ship. Robert Mannino, President of the US Lightship Museum, said they were the ship's mushroom anchors. The ships had two gigantic anchors weighing 7,800lbs and 6,500lbs respectively, the former being the primary anchor while the second was an auxiliary. The writer added that these were attached to 1 1/2" forged nickel steel chain with swivels. The proof load was 216,000lbs and the breaking load was 325,000lbs. A 150-fathom chain would weigh in at 23,250lbs. He also mentioned that mushroom anchors were good in silt, sand or mud where suction would add to the holding power.

CMDR Joseph Lutenslager, CO of the *USS Charlotte* (SSN766) was relieved of duty due to "loss of confidence in his ability to command" after a Petty Officer committed suicide. It was determined that the overall personnel climate onboard the submarine led to very low morale. The boat was in Pearl Harbor shipyard for repairs. It was in that same shipyard that a submariner killed two ship workers and himself in 2019.

The Captain and Executive Officers of the *John S. McCain* (DDG-56) were also relieved of command after the investigations into the collision of the destroyer with an oil tanker near Singapore. Again, the standard verbiage was used "loss of confidence in his ability to command." 7th Fleet Commander, VADM Joseph Aucoin, was relieved of his duties weeks before his retirement because of the collision. Ten men died in the accident.

The *USS Fitzgerald* (DDG-62) was also involved in a deadly collision. The CO, XO, Chief Petty Officer of the ship and some of the Big Gold Stripes were held responsible for deaths related to that accident. Each incident was found to be avoidable.

The Navy has switched gears on placing hypersonic weapons on submarines and will put them aboard the *Nimitz*-class

destroyers. Projectiles would speed at Mach 5 and have the energy to penetrate just about everything known to humans. Originally the weapon system was developed for use on *Ohio*-class SSGN "boomers" and *Virginia*-class "hunter killer" submarines. With this new development, entirely new type of tubes must be developed for surface craft. Evidently a 155mm gun will be replaced with this new system called the Multiple All-up-round Canisters (MAC). Rather than clarify the rationale for such an expensive change, the Navy ignored questions. Could it be that the surface fleet (skimmers) politically beat up the submariners (bubbleheads)?

Inland Waterways

Motor Systems Hugo Stamp has partnered with NRE Power systems to create new engine units for the towboat service. The 6M26.3 at 1800rpm can produce about 600hp and sucks up 27 gallons/hour, however, at the other end of the spectrum, at 635rpm it generates 124hp and uses only two gallons/hour. The big engine is the 12M26.3 (don't you just love these names) at 1800rpm powers up to 1,200hp and swallows 57 gallons/hour, and at a measly 700rpm it registers 290hp and swallows four gallons/hour. Having some retirement stock in EXXON, I personally like 57 gallons of fuel per hour.

The Arkansas Department of Transportation fired an inspector who failed to notice a major crack in a support beam of the Hernando de Soto Bridge which handles traffic on I-40 at Memphis, Tennessee. The crack was photographed in 2019 and again in 2020 when it totally fractured but was never reported.

An irate Illinois farmer is wishing for a major flood along his land. It seems that two years ago a huge flood breached all barriers and firmly planted several barges in the middle of his pasture a considerable distance from the river. He would like to plant some corn. Initially the farmer charged a rental fee for the barges occupying his field. The owners thought they could lift the barges with air bags and sort of walk them across a road and back down to the river. Unfortunately that idea totally failed so the owners decided to wait for another flood since the last flood took out about three quarters of a mile of levee. In the end the owners sold the barges to the farmer who first thought he could cut them up for scrap. That wonderful idea popped like a bubble quickly. Now he simply plants around the barges and will wait until the next flood. However, Illinois is in the middle of a drought.

As a person who grew up in small town Iowa and around family farmers, I know that the one thing paramount in the realm of agriculture is complaining. The weather is primarily the significant topic, the federal and state governments are a close second, however, barges in a cornfield is definitely worthy of conversation over coffee at the grain office.

The *Waterways Journal* is a weekly magazine catering to the inland waterways industry. All the legislation news is splashed across the pages, new equipment is analyzed and evaluated, new tows and barges are touted, up and coming personnel are featured, accidents are reported and river boat history make up most of the week's news. But the part I like best is the recipe section that sundry towboat cooks proffer proudly. This week Mary Ann Kuper wrote up Mom's Potato Salad with Bacon and Baked Beans with Beef.

Potato Salad

3 lbs potatoes, peeled and cubed
8 slices of cooked bacon
2 celery stalks cut to bitesize bits
2 green onions
1 cup mayonnaise
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon celery salt
1 teaspoon of Splenda
2 tablespoons mustard
Salt and paprika to taste

Fry the bacon while cooking the potatoes, mix up the mayo mixture and stir into the potatoes. Add everything else. Refrigerate for an hour. I think even I could make this. FYI, I am totally addicted to potato salad!

A trip along any interstate will provide visceral information enough to realize that trucks are hogging the road. As our President is trying to get some infrastructure money through Congress, the costs of hauling freight are adding to inflation. Worse, it can be cured. Obtaining apples to apples comparisons among trucks, rail and barges is very difficult, some things emerge strikingly but not surprisingly.

A barge can haul one ton on one gallon of fuel about 514 miles but a train can haul one ton on one gallon for 202 miles. Trucks can handle one ton (on the average) on one gallon of fuel for 59 miles.

One truckload of freight can haul it for about \$4.15 per mile. A similar amount of freight can cost about \$2.92 on a rail car. Trying to get a price on a barge is almost impossible to calculate. A Mississippi State University study calculated that to haul 26,000 tons of liquid cargo would take 948 trucks, 220 railroad cars or one barge. It doesn't take a doctorate in transportation science to figure this. Barge and seagoing freighter are by far the cheapest way to haul materials. But Uncle Sam would rather spend money on highways than keep river ports and grain terminals open.

A couple of potential studies could be, which mode of transportation kills more people per ton, which mode has greater loss per ton or even which mode is better for the overall economy.

Spring brings May flowers, new growth and better attitudes but it also means the christening of a whole batch of new towboats. Hines Furlong Lines launched its new 4,000hp, twin screw *MV Ron Nokes* to be chartered by Kirby Inland Marine. The boat was named after a well known and long respected drafter of boats, barges and dredgers. *MV Ron Nokes* is 142' in length, 44' width with an 11' draft, making it the largest towboat built by Steiner Construction. She is moved by two Cummins QSK60 Tier 3 Diesel engines that crank out the listed horse power at 1,600rpm by turning Sound 100-104 propellers on 9.75" ABS II shafts with a nickel chrome boron coating. A pair of Cummins QSB7-DM generators provide auxiliary power to the four deck boat. In a nutshell, this is a beautiful, very big, very powerful, very expensive boat.

Meanwhile, New South Marine Construction delivered the *MV John C. Terral* to the Terral River Service in Lake Providence, Louisiana. She is a 140' towboat powered by twin Caterpillar 3516C Tier 3 engines. She has a retractable pilothouse.

MV Chad Douglas entered the service for Florida Marine Transporters. This particular boat is pushed by Mitsubishi S12R Tier 3 engines providing 2,500hp. She is 88' long, 35' wide and has a 11' draft.

Blakley Boatworks (BBW), a subsidiary of Cooper/T. Smith, delivered an EPA Tier 4 boat, the *MV Gretchern V. Cooper*, the first line haul towboat using the Caterpillar Tier 4 high speed engines. These engines offer significant reduction in emissions of particulate matter and nitrogen oxides. According to BBW President Angus Cooper, III, this boat reduces emissions by 86%. He named the boat after his wife, evidently whose name is Gretchen.

Not all the tow business news is cheerful and bright. *MV Miss Dorothy*, a 4,200hp towboat was engulfed in fire on March 17 at 0200. Fortunately, all crew were taken off by other boats as the Baton Rouge, East Baton Rouge and St George fire departments worked in coordination with fireboats in taming the flames that were indeed brought under control by 0830. It was the first time that these several agencies teamed up to fight a fire on the river. They do, however, train together.

American Jazz was supposed to launch its river cruises in 2020 but Covid 19 postponed that until this spring. It will eventually travel along the lower Mississippi River for American Cruise Lines. The company plans on running 13 boats in various regions of the US and each can carry between 100 and 190 passengers. All the boats were built by American Cruise Line's own shipyard in Salisbury, Maryland.

The Coast Guard and ship's crew celebrated the Certificate of Inspection ceremony for the *MV Kenneth Eddy*. CDR Paul Mangini was principal speaker at the gathering but Congressman Bill Johnson was on the dais, and you know a politician with a crowd simply MUST speak.

Merchant Fleet

The realm of shipbuilding has been active this year with a number of ships being launched around the world by countries around the world. During the first half of 2021 China launched five new merchant or cruise ships. AVIC of China finalized the *Salamanca*, an *E-Flexer* class ferry for Brittany Ferries. Xiamen Shipbuilding turned out the new *Viking Glory* cruise liner. Ironically, Nanjing Shipyard finished up a new ferry for Finland. Meanwhile Meyer Turku, a Finnish company, built the *Costa Toscana* for the Italians and Helsinki Shipyard build *SH Minerva*, a cruise ship, for Greece.

As no shock to anyone, the Covid 19 health problems dealt a "seeing stars" blow to the shipping industry. The 2020 inbound loaded TEU's reflect such. The US West Coast ports of Los Angeles, Long Beach, San Pedro and Oakland fell by 17.9%. The US East Coast ports that run from Boston to Miami actually saw an upswing of 3.7 % (and this does not count drug running, smuggling or piracy). The Gulf Coast that includes New Orleans and Houston also had an uptick of 4.9%. Vancouver, however, was down a solid 11.8%. One can easily see that the hair in the soup is China. We had good trade with Europe and poor trade with Asia, and Asia really means China. As the disease passes, trade will increase. It is the politics between Washington and Beijing that impacts trade.

The Monterey Marine Museum Research department is looking at our less than favorite sea creature, the barnacle. Since humans put to sea, they have been fighting the hull attacking beings that are not shellfish but arthropods related to spiders, bees, crabs and lobsters. As they grow they shed their skins and produce

very sticky glue that builds up on hulls. The researchers note that as much as ten tons of barnacles can grow on a tankers hull in two years. A badly fouled hull will demand twice the fuel as a scraped bottom.

Exactly how long copper sheets have been used to protect hulls is unknown, however, as well as the metal works, it decays fairly rapidly and it is toxic to the oceans. Most of today's underside paint contains a copper base. That leaves us with the old fashioned idea of scraping our bottoms.

Biologically barnacles are incredible little creatures that have learned how to adapt rather profoundly. They possess a liquid cleaning agent that surrounds its edges that neatly smooths the surface and cleans it so that the rascals can expand and grow oozing more glue.

The Navy is working endlessly on MIL-PRF-24647, a chemical coating of silicone and biocide that greatly retards barnacle growth. Since copper is no longer acceptable, they are looking at a variety of different surface textures such as sharkskin, hydrogels, zwitterionic* materials and electrical charged surfaces. The combination of surface type and chemical coating may be the answer. But in the final analysis, it may be the barnacles themselves that offer the solution. The cleaning agent they excrete to make growth happen on a surface may be best alternative.

*OK, for the trivia pursuit folks, what exactly are zwitterionic materials? "Zwitterionic polymers, including polyampholytes and polybetaines, are polymers with both positive and negative charges incorporated into their structure. They are a unique class of smart materials with great potential in a broad range of applications in nanotechnology, biomaterials science, nanomedicine and healthcare, as additives for bulk construction materials and crude oil, and in water remediation." An introduction to zwitterionic polymer behavior and applications in solution and at surfaces.

(Lewis D. Blackman, Pathiraja A. Gunatillake, Peter Cass and Katherine E.S. Locock in *Chemical Science Review*). No wonder I got a C and a D in Inorganic Chemistry! I did manage a B in two semesters of Organic Chemistry before realizing that a degree in history was much more fun (and NO LABS!!).

Fish

A newspaper article recently debated what is the fish species that has remained unchanged the longest. Much discussion on the topic shows that scientists are examining our gilled friends with additional data. They also are trying to figure the lifespan of fish.

The Bigmouth Buffalo averages a life span of 112 years while Greenland sharks can hit 211 years. The longest living lungfish in captivity is 84 years but a Koi in Japan reached 226 years and is called Methuselah (appropriately).

Some fish were around in the land of the dinosaurs. Some experts maintain that the coelacanth is the oldest unchanged fish in existence and these have been around for at least 360 million years. Other ichthyologists claim the common horseshoe crab has wandering around in the sea for 445 million years. A Google search suggests that the good old fashion jellyfish has been stinging along for over 500 million years.

On the flip side are those poor sea creatures that live very short lives. The sign evito is a wee coral reef fish that has to pack

a lot of punch in eight weeks. These guys live in the Indo West and Central Pacific. The longest living of these managed to hang on for a whopping 59 days. Sometimes they go by the name of the coral reef pygmy goby which is not related to Jimmy Buffet's Coral Reefer Band.


I cannot find the life span of the thetis but it is the one I nominate as the ugliest fish around Australia. This unattractive being prowls around looking like a bum on a four day bender. It has an irregular shape and has protruding large eyeballs that is the direct opposite of the sleek fish we normally think of. This guy has all sorts of spikes sticking out in many directions along its back and its fins are look awful. Yes, in the deepest, darkest part of the ocean are all sorts of odd looking and ugly fish, but the thetis can be found at 20 meters.

Thetis is named after the Greek Sea Goddess who wanted to birth a child that was greater than Zeus. She was known for her ability to prophesize and shape shift. Of course, Zeus had a different idea. He made Peleus kill his half brother, however, the murderer was cleansed by Eurytion, the city leader of Phthia. Unfortunately Peleus married his daughter Antigone but accidentally killed his father-in-law whereupon the daughter hanged herself.

Ol' Peleus then opted to marry the renowned sea nymph Thetis but needed help keeping her from changing shape. They managed to have one son, Achilles. Eris was not invited to the wedding and created the Apple of Discord that ultimately evolved into the Trojan War and Achilles, dipped into the River Styx by Thetis, got his comeuppance because mom was holding him by his ankle when she pushed him under.

The Moral Of The Story: Don't muck around with sea nymphs or they will name an ugly fish after you.

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Intro

I had the urge to build another boat. Already short of room to store the eight small boats I have built (*La Verne*, *Haydeé V.*, *Gwendolyn*, *Bertie*, *Melva*, *Gwen* and *Emma* and two sea kayaks I never named), I had to think this one through. Another small canoe, however, wouldn't be too much, I figured. I could always shoehorn it in amongst the others.

I had read Atwood Manley's *Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing*, admiring the designs, the workmanship and his history with the ACA. Most of all I had admired his dedication to making boats light but strong and durable and to make them "portable." At the time I had thought the term portable was kind of funny, like a portable TV. In the early 21st century our recreational marketplace is so inundated with lightweight canoes and kayaks it is hard to think that until Rushton's time most small boats were portable only if you had enough men to carry them.

Inspired by Thomas Hill's book on ultralight boat building, I had built two lapstrake boats, Hill's Charlotte canoe (itself based on Rushton's Wee Lassie) and Marc Barto's extended version of the classic Melonseed fowling skiff (Chapelle). For the Melonseed I also used Hill's method of lining off and bevelling the planks using longitudinal ribbands over the frames. These two boats and five of my other boats were built using marine plywood. And yet I had an urge to build a boat using solid wood planks, a less modern, more traditional approach.

My smallest and lightest boat is a cedar strip/fiberglass "Wee Lassie" solo canoe designed by Mac McCarthy. It is my go to boat for paddling and fishing in South Texas Hill Country streams. I wondered if I could go even smaller and still have a serviceable canoe.

In the appendices of Manley's book are line drawings and tables of offsets for seven of Rushton's canoes, sailing canoes and guideboats. They were drawn in 1967 by Orvo Markkula for the Adirondack Museum (now the Adirondack Experience; The Museum on Blue Mountain Lake) based on measurements taken from the boats in their collection (there are no surviving original drawings or plans of any of the Rushton boats). These drawings include the famous Sairy Gamp designed and built for the small and frail outdoors writer, "Nessmuk," at an improbable 9' in length and weighing only 10lbs.

I found online stories of a few folks who had built versions of this boat. One builder ended up using his canoe as wall decoration in his house after his wife told him that when on the water he appeared to be sitting on a plank. I figured it was too small to be practical for me as well. Rushton himself had said that it was a serviceable boat "...but part your hair in the middle..." I chose instead Rushton's plan for the Wee Lassie at 10'5³/₄" LOA designed in 1893. It was a foot shorter than my smallest canoe but not so small I'd have to start parting my hair.

Besides the line drawings and offsets, Markkula provided a few notes on wood types for various members such as keelson, ribs and stems. Also in the book, "Appendix B Further Notes on Construction," Manley includes two letters written down by one of Rushton's sons, J.H. "Harry" Rushton, in 1959. These letters cover his memories of various construction processes and methods he and his father used in building the many boat designs they produced. These notes were very helpful, filling in gaps of informa-

Building Rushton's Wee Lassie Canoe

By Kent Rush

tion not covered in the drawings. The notes can be a bit confusing as they cover aspects used on a variety of boats and it is hard to follow which methods were used for which design. But most of the needed information is there.

Also very helpful were four or five black and white and color photos of the existing boat in the Adirondack Experience collection sent to me by a very helpful Doreen Alessi.

So, in the fall of 2019 I built a work cart, a strongback and the station molds. I laminated an oak keel, mounted it to the molds and lined off the planks on the molds. I then laid longitudinal ribbands over the molds.

This was exciting for me. It would be the first time I would build a boat without plans or instructions, just line drawings, offsets, random notes written down 42 years after the Rushton enterprise shuttered up and a few photos of an existing original canoe.

It would be my first time building a boat with solid wood planks instead of marine plywood. I would also, anxiously, develop a new skill, crimping copper tacks to join the ribs at the laps of the cedar planking. I didn't get really involved with the project, however, until covid kept me at home.

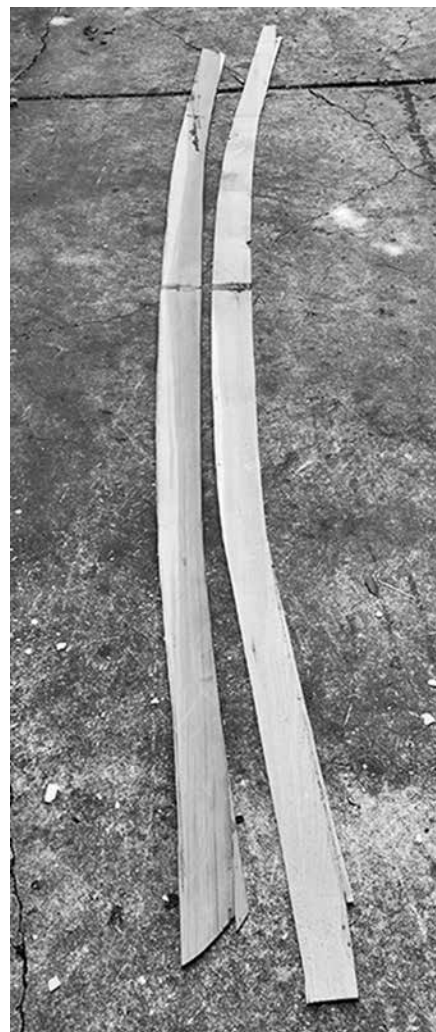
The Wood

Not living near the eastern seaboard, getting white cedar is a real problem. I contacted a couple of suppliers in the east and the cost of shipping the wood to Texas was going to be as expensive as the cedar itself. Local suppliers in Texas had clear Alaskan yellow cedar and western red cedar as expensive as gold. There had to be alternatives.

On previous boats, as I have said, I used scarfed marine plywood, making 24' wide panels from which to cut the curved strakes. The individual planks had quite an arc to them. Due to my incredible naivete, I had in my mind that this new boat would have straighter strakes and could be got out of one 12' piece of solid plank. Not so. The arced shapes would have to be made from scarfed planks to accommodate the great curvature, one or even two scarfs per plank.

Then I had the "ah ha!" moment. If I would be scarfing anyway, I wouldn't necessarily need clear lumber. I could work from regular lumber and find sections that were knot free to fit between the scarfs. Perhaps I could just go to the local building supply store and, every now and then, rummage through their stock of 1"x6" cedar fencing for pieces with widely spaced knots. And so I did.

I had to learn to resaw the 1"x6"s down to planks ³/₁₆" thick using my old Sears Craftsman table saw purchased in 1980, unstate of the art technology. The resulting boards weren't pretty but they were good enough (a little planning, a little sanding). Even with a 50% plus tare rate I was still way ahead of the costs of clear lumber.



Plank patterns.

Gluing plank scarfs.



Markkula's drawings called out a bow stem of steamed ash and a stern stem from a natural spruce knee. Harry Rushton's notes/sketches show an inner and outer stem. Not wanting to deal with steam bending early on, and not having any idea of where to find a "spruce knee," I decided to splice (epoxy) the inner stems from two straight pieces of ash and the joining, curved section from a local Hill Country "cedar" (juniper) tree, the gracefully curved section from the trunk down into the root. The keelson/keel was laminated from building supply oak 1"x2"s and rabbeted to accept the garboard strake (oak is hard to carve) and the inside stems were attached to the keel and to the strongback.



Stem to keel attachment.

I liked the romance of the "steam bent ash" bow stem and the "natural spruce knee" stern stem and this thinking led me to the idea of using local bald cypress for the outer stems. I knew of a woodworker in Bandera County (Fred Collins Workshop) who collected, stockpiled and made furniture from fallen bald cypress trees. The Medina River frequently floods and knocks down these majestic trees. After looking over hot, hilly, cedar studded acres of 3'-4' diameter logs, countless stacks of 3" and 4" table top slabs, a wild, ratty ride on a couple of ATVs and watching some sketchy balancing acts with a fork lift, I ended up purchasing a small diameter section of trunk with a couple of hefty branches gracefully curving outward. From this I was able to fashion two beautiful, curved grain outer stems.

The ash rib material I purchased locally from the manicured array of exotic woods at the expensive hardwood store. The inwale and outwale were fashioned from scarfed scrap lumber (pine, spruce?).



Ash rib ripped and routed.

Building Challenges

The resawing of the 1"x6" fencing down to $\frac{3}{16}$ " planks was a humbling experience, but it got done. To make the bevels for the many needed scarf joints I built a jig/track at the end of my work table for my circular

saw, a design I found in *The Gougeon Brothers on Boat Building*, 5th Edition. It did the job in spades.

The garboard planks gave me trouble and one cracked on me at the stem ends where the twist was greatest (an in-place scarf was required). The beveling of the planks was accomplished using Thomas Hill's method. Tracing the shape of the planks along the ribbands from the inside of the molds was not as accurate as I would have liked and required tweaks.



Gluing garboard plank.



Beveling garboard plank.

The Rushton method of joining the planks along the laps was to glue them with a thickened varnish followed by copper tacks clinched at every inch along the lap. I was shy to attempt all this tack clinching, especially since I had no experience with what seemed a brutal form of joinery on soft and fragile planks. I was also worried that the requisite number of tacks (not to mention those many more required to attach the ribs at each lap) would add too much weight to the boat. So I,

instead, opted for modern epoxy and clamps.

Wooden planks don't have both longitudinal and lateral dimensional stability like plywood so the Rushton canoes and boats utilized ribs to compensate. Lots of ribs! In the Wee Lassie there are 47 ribs crammed into a little more than eight running feet. Steam bent! A half-inch diameter half round ash attached with clinched copper tacks, one at the keel and one at each plank lap... that's 11 tacks per rib times 47 = 517 clinchings, accomplished while one is attempting to wrestle the hot, steaming rib tight into the varying curvatures of the hull without snapping it. Then quickly, before the wood has a chance to cool and set up, drilling fine pilot holes for the tack at each lap.



Steam box.



Practicing bending in of ribs.

All of this was, did I mention, on the job training. Also, while one's head is on the inside where the tack may or may not be emerging straight out of the rib in order to optimally position the clinching iron (did I mention learning to use a clinching iron?) one can't see the outside where one is simultaneously pounding the unseen tack head with a 16oz framing hammer and hopefully not against the lovingly created cedar plank! All the while hoping that the rib doesn't split or snap. Some were broken until I got into the rhythm and feel of it all. Ribs split, tacks clinched askew, planks cracked and there were more than a few hammer dents. The "adventure" of boat building, no?

Finishing

After the hot ribs with all the tack clinching (and teeth clenching), the rest of the construction was fairly straightforward. The fitting of outer stems is, always, a bit trying. I made the thwart out of round hardwood dowel as called for, although it is not as elegant as a beautifully shaped one. I tried to shape the interior contour of the breast hooks as best I

could judge from the drawings and photos. I applied epoxy onto all the wood surfaces and wiped it back followed by a few coats of satin varnish. I chose against oval brass stem bands, again in consideration of weight. For the painter attachment I used an eye strap instead of a ringbolt. The only concession to modernity was to add some eye straps to the interior for clipping in a kayak seat.



Making outer stems.



Breast hook.

The boat came out to 10'5³/₈" in length, ³/₈" less than the plan length and 28" wide at the gunwales. This extra inch at the beam was, perhaps, due to the combined spring of the ribs against the sides.

Afloat.



Gluing sheer plank.

Performance

I had figured that squeegeeing epoxy over the hull inside and out would plug any leaks associated with the tack penetrations. Not so. The boat leaked like a purse seine on its maiden voyage (they've since been fixed.) But the boat performed elegantly and it is a beauty to behold. It sits low in the water as expected holding myself and my equipment.

It will serve now as my favorite Hill Country river fishing boat both for utility and looks. There's something about traveling in and fishing from an elegant, ultralight, handbuilt wooden boat. Perhaps like fly fishing with a bamboo rod. I won't be risking it on any class IV rapids, however!



Completed canoe.

On the Guadalupe River.





Kittery Relaunches

For the last 15 months our stalwart cadre of boat shop volunteers kept incredibly busy during this downtime focusing on socially distanced repairs to our fleet. Early June saw the relaunch of one of favorites of the fleet, the gig *Kittery*. No champagne accompanied the launch but goodwill and smiles were in abundance as we set forth on the maiden voyage of this refitted classic.



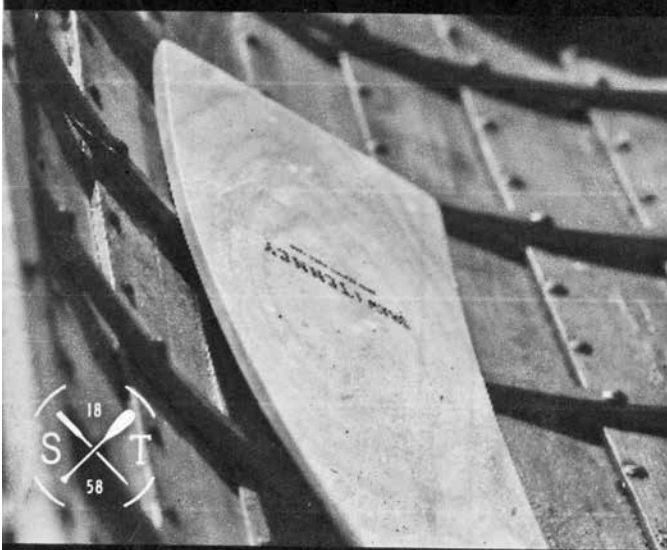
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Summer The Thousand Islands

On the St Lawrence Seaway near Clayton, New York, but in Canada

On the left is *Saucey* from Mt Kisco, New York. On the right is
taking this photo. Kent Lacey, Captain Co



Steaming

Islands are a Magic Place

Indian waters. The borderline is somewhat invisible when in a boat.
is *Phoenix* from Delaware. I was in the steamer *Golden Eagle*
commanding, Steam Launch *Golden Eagle*





The Schooner *Effie M. Morrissey* portrayed in “First Life” as she was originally built by Tarr & James in 1884. The *Morrissey* is currently undergoing historical restoration as the Massachusetts State Ship.



“The Widow Maker,” his painting of the schooner *Oriole*, built by James & Tarr, 1908.

“Last Leg to Gloucester,” his painting of the schooner *Harry Belden*, built 1889 by Moses Adams.



Frame Up

From the Archives of
The Essex Shipbuilding Museum
Thomas M Hoyne III
Artist & Historian

A visit to our archives at the Central Schoolhouse, 28 Main St, always reminds us of dear friends who also loved and supported our museum. This time we're thinking about artist Thomas M Hoyne III (1924-1989). Tom's love of Essex-built schooners is hard to miss, a framed print of his painting of the *Gertrude L. Thebaud* is just inside the door. It is one of three framed prints he gave to us. (See next page).

Then in our first floor exhibit area we find “The Widow Maker,” his painting of the schooner *Oriole*, built by James & Tarr, 1908.

And next to that “Last Leg to Gloucester,” his painting of the schooner *Harry Belden*, built 1889 by Moses Adams.



TO THE MEMORY OF ARTIST AND HISTORIAN
TOM HOYNE III.

HE PAINTED THE MEN, THE BOATS AND THE
SEAS IN WHICH THEY FISHED LONG AFTER THAT
DANGEROUS LIVELIHOOD HAD CEASED TO EXIST.
THROUGH HIS WORK ALL THIS LIVES ON
FOR US TODAY.

From Nuala and Maarten van Mesdag

Tom often said he fell for the Gloucester fishing schooner as a boy when he saw the movie *Captains Courageous*. Yup, that would do it, along with the famous lines of the products launched from the shipyards of Essex.

We only recently learned how Tom became so adept at illustrating the color and movement of the sea. After college Tom was made an officer in the US Navy's Amphibious Force. As a gunnery officer on LST 48, with its crew of 12 officers and 125 men, he participated in the landing on Okinawa and patrolling the Pacific. After the war he embarked on a career in advertising, then illustration for advertising. In the 1970s he turned his talents to his true love, painting working schooners at sea.

On the second floor of the Central Schoolhouse, the museum's archives, the first of many fireproof file cabinets is home of the Thomas Hoyne Collection. Two drawers, literally crammed with photographs of Essex vessels. In his collection there are Essex vessels being built, tied up in Gloucester, New Bedford, Provincetown and other ports, working on the banks and in Canadian waters. All are carefully labeled on the back with names of the vessels and where, or from whom, he got the image. Presently we are scanning all his photographs. We have a little over 6000 images scanned so far and have just begun working on the second drawer.

And More...

Of great interest are six or so photographs of Essex vessels that were built before the invention of photography. Also of great interest are a large number of images of Essex vessels that were built for whaling or converted for that purpose.

Here are some more examples of Tom's extraordinary work. Some are still available to purchase online. Just search "Artist Thomas Hoyne."

Below and at right: "The Masthead Man," the *Thebaud* racing the *Bluenose*. Schooner *Admiral Dewey* built by James & Tarr, 1898, detail of painting "Steel to Starboard" (above and below right).

There are also a great number of photographs Tom took in his studio of models built for him by Erik Ronnberg. Each are posed in a 10'x10'x1' high tabletop filled with "Kitty Litter." Set into the sand, which was sculpted with a rubber spatula, he was able to replicate the attitude and "moment" of the vessel.



A Pinky rides the waves, posed to replicate the attitude and "moment" of the vessel.

At right the *Elsie* sails again, posed to replicate the attitude and "moment" of the vessel.



"Heel-Tapper," *Amy Knight* of Marblehead, 1830s, posed to replicate the attitude and "moment" of the vessel.



I know it's been forever since I reported on what we're doing here at the shop. That's not because we haven't been doing anything, it's because I find that as I get older I get more worthless. Brad is no help at all, he can make laying around drinking beer seem like that's what we have to do to save the world, and who am I to object. I'll try to show you something that will amaze and mystify you to make up for that.

First I'll show you where I live, it's right in the middle of the fastest growing county in the country that's being paved over with sprawling housing complexes. They can't build them fast enough for you guys who are getting the hell out of YankeeLand. If you see a house for sale and think you want it, you have to be really fast and be prepared to offer way over the asking price to even get a chance at it and it's always "as is." If you have to think about it, you lose and it better be cash. Our guy Brad (the tiny boat builder) is a realtor and is going nuts when people think of it like the way it used to be. For every house for sale there are 20 buyers. Things must really suck outside of Florida.

Anyway, here's where I live and where all the lowlifes hang out at the Tiki Hut. That is my dock, the only thing that can be seen from the air. We call this Lucas Lagoon. No, you can't park your camper back in the woods or build your dome house or just hang a hammock up next to the outhouse (well, maybe that). I don't plan on ever selling, when I get too old to get along I'll just have some of the beer drinking Tiki Hut guys take care of me.



I've stalled around finishing *Princess Anne* long enough so I pulled her out of the shed and put her on the trailer. Over the years I have noticed that if I have a lot of help doing heavy stuff I tend to hurt my back so I prefer to do it by myself if I can, that way I have to figure out how to do it using things other than my back. We have miles of chain and cables

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Progress on *Princess Anne*

and block and tackles so all I had to do is figure out which tree I needed to tie on to so it would pull the right direction. I also have an electric winch to go on the end of the cable. I used every tree in the yard to get it to make the 180° turn out of the shed and back to the sky hook tree.



I pulled her around until the front was under the skyhook (a two ton chainfall chained to a giant live oak limb). The front had to be free of obstacles so the trailer could roll under it. For the back end, I attached the engine hoist to get it up. I had the front double strapped so the boat wouldn't roll over and crash and burn, been there, done that. It all went smoothly and nothing broke apart.

Not ready to launch just yet. She looks good here but the paint job needs a lot of work that can be seen up close. This trailer puts it up pretty high but that's OK, she'll spend most of her life in the water tied up next to the dock. I still have to get her registered and the name put on. She's 23' long and 8' wide.



I also made a sled to go under the skeg for it to slide on so once it was hooked up I just had to push the winch button and out she came. All sounds so simple doesn't it, we all know that nothing associated with a boat is ever simple. However, since I've been doing this for most of my life I sort of know what's required.





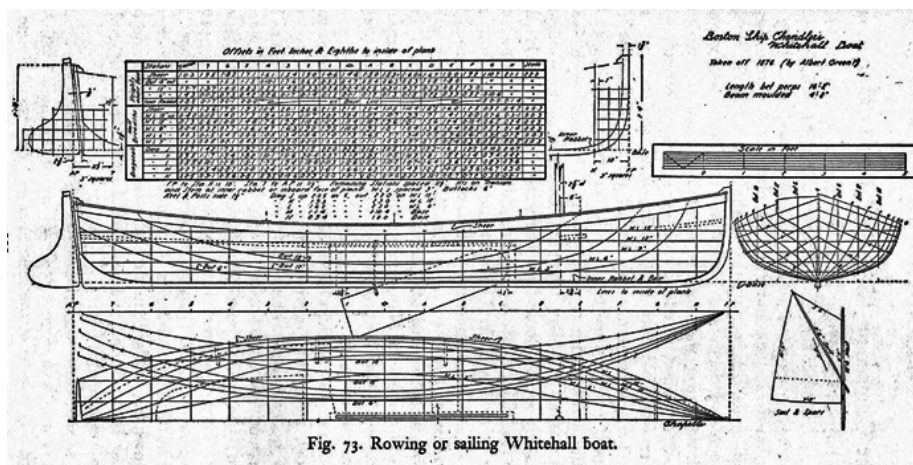
I'm going to tell you the story of how we converted the world's best rowboat into the perfect motorboat. It is a long and convoluted story so I'll tell it with pictures. As with most of my stories, this one may sound like it was fast and easy. I warn you up front that it wasn't unless you are, or happen to have on hand, a mechanical genius who loves a challenge and never gives up. We did have just that very man, Howard. He can figure out the most impossible things and make it look easy. Howard's background was figuring out complicated industrial things for the very first time and coming up with the machines to make them. You also need someone else to push him to keep going when it seems impossible or too outrageous, that would me.

Here we go. The story started out about 20 years ago when I decided to make a totally indestructible boat to use in the river I live on, one that all the kids could do anything with and not worry about having to take care of. Over the years I had built several of the boats in Chapelle's book *American Small Sailing Craft* so I looked through it again and came upon this Whitehall. It looked like fun to build and at 16' long was big enough for us.

As you all know, Whitehalls were the ultimate working rowboats in the 19th century. They were the final evolution of man-powered boats, the next step was the invention of motors. Notice how the lines of the hull and the hourglass transom give the boat a smooth flow through the water, it's actually double ended, pointed on both ends when seen from the water.



Chelsy the Perfect Motorboat



Since I knew that it would never be taken care of, I made the entire strip planked boat out of pressure treated yellow pine. I didn't put the skeg on the back because it had to be pulled up a ramp every time it was used and that would have worn the skeg off. It lived up to my expectations and never needed any care for the ten years or so that it was down by the water. We didn't use it after that so I pulled it up into the woods behind the shop, rolled it over and forgot about it.





Now we'll fast forward about ten years. By this time we had a shop full of guys who loved to build things to challenge themselves. And not just boats either but I drew the line at making an airplane. Some of them are pilots but haven't flown in 30 or 40 years and I know if they made an airplane they would just have to try it out, no way.

Here's Howard, he was between projects and I asked if he wanted to play with a Whitehall hull. I took him out in the bushes and scraped the leaves and growth off and pointed at it. He had never seen it before, none of the guys had. Ten years out in the jungle makes things disappear. After he stopped laughing at me and telling me that it must be a totally rotten mess, we rolled it over to find it still in perfect shape, a quick pressure wash and it was as good as the day I launched it. He decided to make a fancy electric launch out of it.



And he did, ain't she the prettiest boat you ever saw? Helen made the fancy top. That's a 40lb thrust trolling motor and on this super slick hull it would push it along at its hull speed of about 6mph. That all sounds good but it doesn't take long before you realize that electric motors on boats are totally and completely useless if you plan on going anywhere other than a swimming pool.

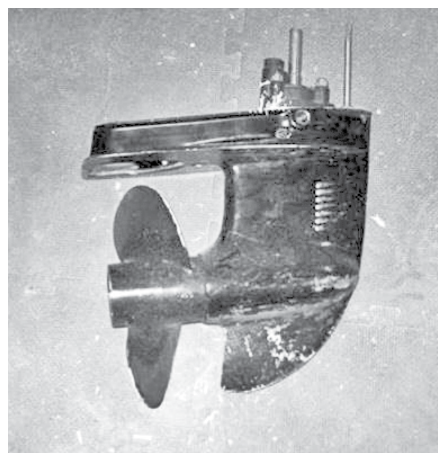
So we thought about putting a small outboard motor in the back under the deck but that wasn't a challenge and who cares about another outboard boat. He thought I was crazy when I got all excited one day about putting a lawnmower motor in it. We've all wanted to do it but few have tried because of the many problems involved, and there were many. I'll point them out as I go along. I keep saying "we" did this but the whole thing was really Howard's project, I just came along with the crazy ideas when he looked like he was ready for one.

Here's what we needed to get it done, a lawnmower motor and a lower unit from an old outboard motor. This was the result after debating a hundred other possibilities. This is the starting point, all we needed after this was someone to figure out how to put these two together and make it work, which it turned out is extremely hard to do.

The genius of doing it this way was that lawnmower motors are cheap compared to outboards, this brand new Briggs 'n Stratton was only about \$300, we didn't need one this big but we wanted one with electric start and a generator and this 10.5 was the smallest I could find that had those things. Also, since it's air cooled we didn't need to worry about salt water corroding its insides. This motor has been in and around salt water for seven or eight years and still looks just like it was new. Whatever they make them out of is impervious to salt water.



Then take a look at this old lower unit, it came from a Merc 30. They are free for the taking from any boat repair shop. We picked this one because we wanted a big slow turning high thrust prop. Lower units have their transmission and gear box right there at the bottom so we had forward, neutral and reverse built in.



All we had to do was bolt the lower unit to the bottom, bolt the motor to the top and connect the shafts with a flexible coupling, make up a connection for the gears and we're off to the races. Some of the steps in between involved getting the shafts machined to fit properly, making all of the linkage parts and adjust all to work. And it did work but the whole thing had to be scrapped and reworked.



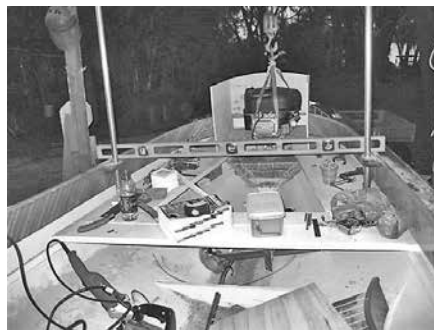
The problem was with the boat, not this propulsion system. Remember when I said that the Whitehall was the most efficient hull type ever, the ultimate evolution of human

powered watercraft? That's great and it only takes about 1hp to push it along at hull speed. We discovered that we couldn't slow the boat down with the rig we had. Even when running the motor at the lowest speed it would still go at full speed and it's bad to run a motor this slow with any kind of load on it. We tried changing props and cutting down props, all to no avail.

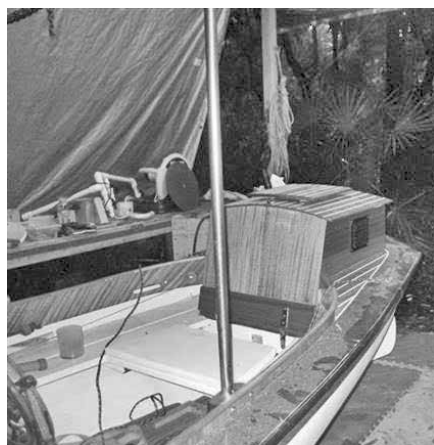
What Howard finally did was take the coupling off and make a pulley system that changed the gear ratio to make the prop turn slower with the motor running at a reasonable speed at about half throttle. You can imagine how much fun it was getting a four pulley system to fit into this little 6" space under the motor. He got really good at pulling the motor out to make adjustments.



Here's the basic install, slick looking, isn't it.



Next we had to pretty it all up and do something about getting rid of the heat generated by the motor. Outboard motors use water to take the heat out. In your lawnmower the motor heat and the exhaust heat just blow out the bottom, that wouldn't work for this setup. The heat from the motor cooling air turned out to be no problem. Howard just made a doghouse to go over the motor, cut a hole in the top right over the air intake fan on the top of the motor, screwed in a cut off section of a Blue Bell plastic ice cream container (which was a perfect fit) and made another little roof to go over that. Cool air was sucked in the top and blew out the louvers on the back and sides.



Then came the exhaust heat. What a nightmare. Exhausts get really hot and the fan in the motor wasn't enough to get it out of the doghouse. We tried everything you can think of including putting a blower in to suck in cool air and blow it out, all failed. I had a brilliant idea of wrapping the whole thing up in fiberglass insulation to keep the heat out of the doghouse, I don't know what the melting point of glass is but we exceeded it with molten glass dripping down under the exhaust pipe, make a note, don't ever try that.

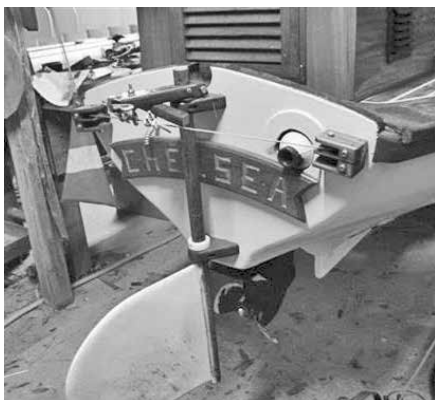
What we finally did (this gets really complicated) is to have a water cooled exhaust system made. The details are a little fuzzy. I think we had a 1" pipe with holes in it going inside a 2" pipe that went out the back. This was its muffler, sort of. This 2" pipe was inside of a 3" pipe that had nipples on each end so a little electric pump could pump water through and cool the whole thing. We tried injecting water directly into the 1" exhaust pipe but that failed badly. With this flat pipe the water would get back into the motor from the exhaust.





You may ask why we would need an electric pump to supply the cooling water, why not just use the water pump in the lower unit and not have to fool with a water intake in the hull. We did try that very thing, you have no idea how much water that thing puts out until you see it hooked up directly to a hose. It would shoot a stream of water 50' in the air, way too much for what we needed.

Here's the rudder and steering arrangement, it has a steel cable wrapped around a wooden shaft, works good.



This is how she turned out, a really beautiful boat that runs great and is totally dependable. Turn the key and it starts. You know how good your lawnmower is, you beat the hell out of it for years, never take care of it and it keeps on running.



We once used her to tow three sailboats ten miles up the intercoastal to a meet one time. She never missed a beat. Always starts and goes forever on a gallon of gas. I'm surprised that someone doesn't make these things commercially. With some refinements this would be a perfect propulsion system for special boats. Howard named her after one of his granddaughters, Chelsea.



She now belongs to Crazy Steve and is still a unique, beautiful boat. They don't make them like this anymore and after seeing what it took to make this one you can see why. When you think it's time for a challenge and want to do one yourself at least you can get an idea of what it took to get the bugs out and make it work. I would recommend a 5hp motor with a simple pull start to simplify things greatly. Batteries and electrical systems are a source of problems and should be avoided if possible, says the guy who's building a huge fantail launch with two generators.



I built the original boat in 1992, Howard found it out in the woods in about 2008 and did his thing. Crazy Steve has had it for about six years and it now has a 3hp Torquato electric motor with solar panels on the roof. He uses it every day and the hull is still rock solid.



Waylo-Waylo is Afloat

By Richard Honan

Launch day for my Doug Hylan designed 13' peapod, named in memory of my brother Steve, arrived in mid June. *Waylo-Waylo* was a hail that I brought back from a visit to the Virgin Islands. The local fishermen would yell, "Waylo-Waylo" as they arrived back at the dock. Steve adopted it as his greeting whenever he arrived at my shop, my house, the yacht club...

Lots of small adjustments to be made, outhaul, weight distribution, sail trim, need a longer tiller, but overall it was an excellent day for the launch and first sail.

Brother Steve passed away in March 2020.



And From Dave Lucas...

I have to admit that this is an exceptional little boat that Richard has here, especially the Bahamas colors. However, don't give him too much credit for the build, he has had a whole crew of slave children doing the real work. He and his dog Lucky just sit around and supervise. Can you see this old man sanding in all those little cracks and corners? No way. He builds his boats to the 12 Inch Rule, look at them from a foot away and they still look good.

On the other hand, us Tiki Hut real boat builders build our boats to our old working standard, the 20 Foot Rule. We ain't making pianos here. Here's an example of my latest almost finished and no slave labor was involved. There is a door in the side so us creaky old guys can get in and out of the thing.

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At the age of 13 I asked my father if I could join Boy Scouts, to which he agreed. It is something I have never regretted for it opened up a whole new world of outdoor opportunities which I pursue to this day. One of the side benefits to becoming a Boy Scout was a subscription to *Boys Life* magazine which always had an advertisement for Folbots that captured my imagination. Folbots were brightly colored fuselage framed skin on frame boats that were sold as rigid models, folding kayaks and, from what I've learned, kit boats.

My family were not boat people, we didn't live near the water and rarely did anything by it except for two weeks every summer when we vacationed at Lake Winnetoesaukee. The reality of actually owning one was pushed to the back of my thoughts in favor of dreaming of how I would use it and the places it would take me. I remember sending Folbot a dollar or so to get a full color brochure complete with a sample of the covering vinyl, which was about 1" square. I never did get beyond the dreaming part and for years now I have thought it would be neat to pick one up, just because.

Along comes Tom Shephard and the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. In September I was poking through the boat donations up for sale and there was a rather battered and forlorn kayak frame that kind of looked like it might be a Folbot. I was heading down to sail for the MASCF weekend, even though the pandemic had cancelled that event, and had the mental conversation with myself the entire way down of if I should bother to look at it. Suffice it to say that common sense did not prevail and, while it wasn't a Folbot, I struck a deal with Tom for what my wife called kindling and she was right, it probably should have been hung in a bar or burned.



As found.

The boat measured out to 13.5' with a 24" beam. It had seven yellow pine 1/2" plywood frames and not one of them was perpendicular or plumb to the centerline. The tops of the frames were horribly split from the oversized nails used to secure the 1/2" plywood cockpit deck, complete with flaky gray lead paint. The stringers were also yellow pine, complete with knots, and one was broken and another badly cracked. Despite all its faults the boat had pretty fair lines. All in all it was very crudely built as you can see in the photo.

My objective was to bring it back to life as cheaply as possible but in a most respectable manner. No attempt would be made to straighten out the frames and no wood was to be purchased. I would be using offcuts and what I had laying around the shop to cobble something back together. I would be taking a lemon and making lemonade, that is what it was. Repairs made included removing and replacing the deck, the seat and floorboards with 1/4" plywood, replacing two string-

Rebuilding *Scraps* A 13.5' Skin on Frame Kayak

By Kevin Brennan
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

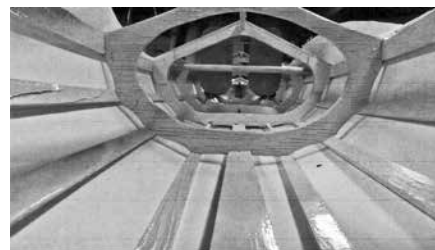
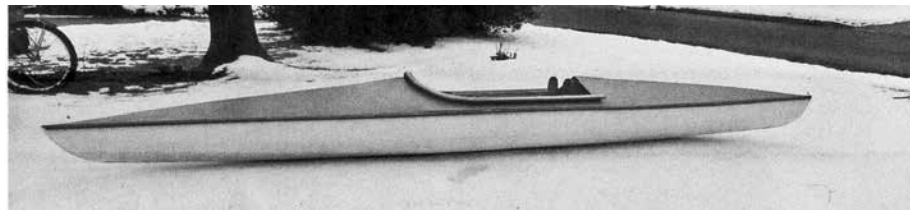
ers and reconfiguring/rebuilding the cockpit frames to get a little more foot room and cockpit space.



Template to raise the deck structure.



Ready to cover.



The boat was covered with 9oz aircraft Dacron shrunk around the frame which is a pretty durable covering as long as I don't go dragging across the rocks or oyster shells. The starting weight of the frame before I began the project was 32lbs without any covering. Finished weight is now 30lbs all in. It is now named *Scraps* and brightly painted in homage to the Folbot I thought it might be.

Sea trials have shown that I might be a bit too big for this one. Foot room (size 10.5) is just enough with my shoes pushing up just a tad on the fabric, which really is not a big deal. It is a little twitchy in waves but on flat water it does just fine. I have decided that I had my fun with this project and I'm offering it up for sale for the bargain price of \$175. Let me know if you are interested and we can figure out the details.

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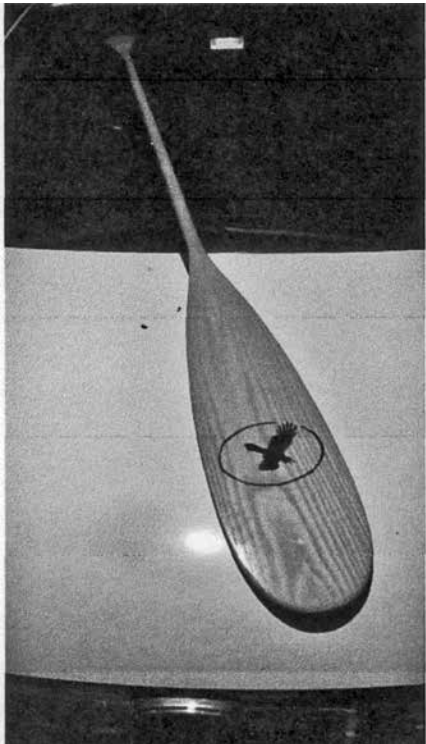
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Paddle Iconography

By Mit Wanzer

Paddles are nice, canoeing is even better! But what would be the latter without the former? If not special, a paddle is, at least, practical. And then, if you've found one you like, you want to hang onto it, not grinding it in the sand, wiping off the duckweed and hanging it carefully at the back of the garage at the end of the night. Better still, there is nothing wrong with having one that is unique to you and carries with it a monogram at least.



Let me apologize for sounding pre-tentious. I admit, I have been lucky to have received a hand me down Chestnut Bobs with at least one brand name paddle to match. Plus, a number of paddles have been floated down to me on the Assabet, aluminum and oak. Not bad!

But really, there is one I am attached to which my brother gifted me on a special occasion. It was one we had both eyed at a fishing show we attended one late winter Sunday. It was from a Maine company, Shaw and Tenney. Ash, long, thin. I used it regularly for a while and then, after a few years, I figured it deserved a coat of varnish. Plus, it now being my favorite, I thought I might add a decorative motif as well. Inspired by decals from a little Beaver Paddle Co paddle that we had around the Winnepesaukee camp house, I brushed on an American Crow in hardware store enamel paint, amateurish but fun!

A few years later when my canoe loving niece was graduating college and moving back to her home state of Maine, it seemed a paddle was the perfect gift, but where to get one? I can't gift her one of my old paddles, a precedent has been set that they come with a whole canoe, so, with some reflection I fixed upon the fact that her dad, years earlier, had gifted me a paddle that I love dearly from a Maine shop no less!

So I looked up Shaw and Tenney on the internet and started to shop around their website. I recognized the design and material of

one similar to mine, a 60" "Penobscot" ash paddle. When thinking about how to sweeten the gift I naturally recalled the crow and the beaver. How might I presume to know what my niece would like for iconography? Well, I delved into the website at Shaw and Tenney after noting that they do custom engraving on their paddles. There were sunsets, people's faces and corporate logos. I almost settled on a college insignia from my niece's new alma mater but thought it too busy and contrived.



Browsing the internet for fresh ideas, I looked up the Maine state flag and was disappointed to find that it was horribly cluttered and corporate looking, much like Massachusetts'. But, as luck would have it, the Pine Tree State has an old, old version of the flag that has a primitive pine and star. How perfect for dipping in a foggy lake or coastal estuary!



Following the choice of an icon were more challenging steps to the process of customizing a paddle finish in that proper artwork would need to be sent to the shop and approved by them as feasible. There were a number of drafts I had to make in order to get the outline and contrast correct. Suffice to say, the folks at the office of the shop

were helpful and patient. They were receptive, even encouraging, to receive an original design and saw through their end of the deal, on time, neat and clean and shipped securely. This was a fun project to add to our loving family of paddles and other living things.



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Tide & Time

Having designed and built first his boatshop, then his boat, in remote rural Alaska, Brooke Elgie concludes his trilogy on meeting his own boating needs – and trusting his own judgements.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Reprinted from *Watercraft*

Telling a good story is not as easy as it sometimes looks. Ask anyone who has seriously tried. First of all, you've got to snag the potential reader's attention long enough to get him or her to go along with you. Only then can you begin telling the story. You're still not done, though, unless you can find a way to end the story in a way that leaves the reader feeling that it's been worth the trouble of sticking with you.

The loyal *Water Craft* reader might remember how this story began in W123. It was in 2000, just after we all had survived the anxiety of Y2K and we Americans the shock of the attack of 9/11. Wendy and I had sold our home in rural Washington State two years before and had been living permanently aboard our 60-year-old wooden power cruiser. During the summers we had cruised slowly among the myriad of American and Canadian islands that dribble down just off the west coast of British Columbia.

It is remote country. Until the arrival of modern air travel, only some 50 years ago, the only way to get here was via steamers threading a labyrinth of rock-strewn channels. In the 1800s and early 1900s, it came to be called the 'Inside Passage' as successive waves of adventurers, gold-seekers, fishermen and loggers flooded north into Alaska. It's about 1000 miles (1600km) and there were no roads – there still aren't – and even now the only way to get here from the 'Lower 48' as we say, is by air or by water.

That first winter, we took a job as off-season caretakers of a remote fishing lodge. As the second winter approached,

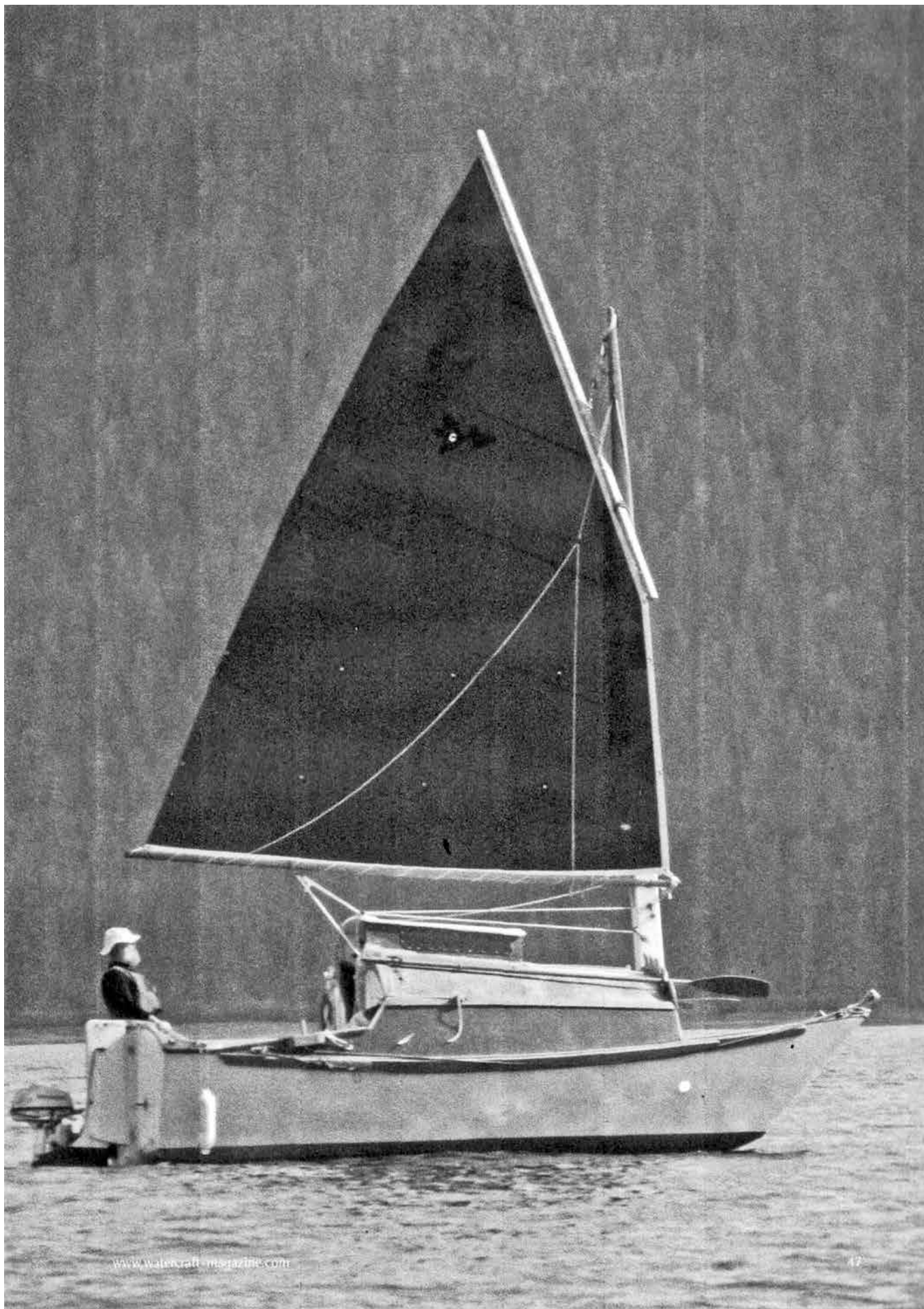
we had sailed into a tiny coastal community looking into the possibility of another such caretaking job. As it turned out, there was no job but the community of less than a hundred people had a snug little harbour, a general store and a library. We had no other prospects so we made a last 60-mile supply run to Juneau, swaddled the boat in tarps and burrowed down for the winter. By the time Spring came, it felt as though roots had grown from the bottoms of our seaboots and that, without knowing it, we had found the place we'd been looking for. We built a simple house.

Two years later I built the workshop I'd always wanted and two years after that the pocket cruiser *Fred* which I described in W124.

Fred sailed better than I had any right to expect; I have already confessed to my strictly amateur standing as a designer and also that I was just past 80 by then and my expectations had changed to embrace the practical realities of a short fat boat with no headsail. He sailed very fast when the wind was free, he stayed upright and

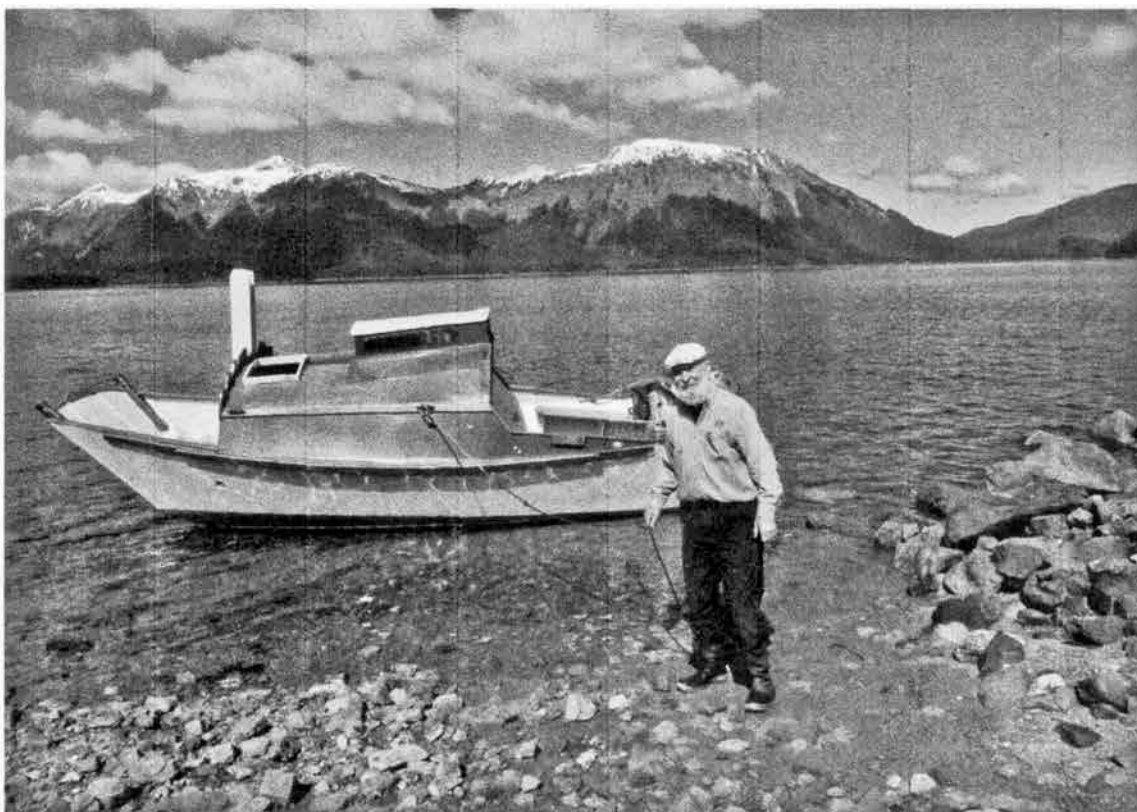
he never required that I leave the safety of the cockpit. The standing lugsail allowed plenty of adjustment to sail balance and with no headsail, there was usually no need to go forward at all. An endless line to a forward mooring post allowed me to set and retrieve an anchor from the cockpit then pull the rode forward so *Fred* could hang properly from his bow. With no pointy end, he would even hang at a comfortable angle from a forward mooring bit. It took a bit of fiddling to get it all right but soon it was all working smoothly and during that early period of trials and snarls I was able to verify that, in a





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hard chance, I could go up through a forward hatch and drop into the deep forward deck to deal with front-end problems. From the outset, I had accepted the notion that any prolonged windward work would be done under power and that, strictly speaking, I should probably refer to *Fred* as a motor sailer. So be it. If there is any triumph to be found in the whole modern world it is the small Japanese outboard motor.

Sailing conditions in any area of tall mountains and steep-sided inlets are inevitably driven by highly changeable micro-systems – it can change from light westerly to brisk southerly in a matter of moments – which make reefing and jibing a standard practice. If I eased the halyard and pulled on two lines while standing in the deep cockpit I would have reefed... with the tiller readily to hand most of the time. As for jibing, when I try to recall now, I seem to remember that once or twice I had to head up in order to jibe but every other time it was simply a matter of making sure that lines were free and then being quick about it. And as for the experiment with twin bilge keels, well, imagine if you can the comfort of a deep-keel sailor drifting up to the very head of a soft inlet, calmly watching the bottom come up and then letting the anchor go in 3' (1m) of water. Our tidal range is 15' (4.6m) on average and can go to 25' (7.6m) on the springs so timing was always critical but if I'd done it right, *Fred* would soon be sitting placidly in the middle of a veritable pasture of shellfish, birds and small scavengers.

Well, truth be told, there was one downside. Once, as I watched from below, a big brown bear – some call them grizzlies – left off pawing for crusty goodies in the soft mud and came sniffing around *Fred* and me. If he'd taken the notion, he could have simply stepped into the cockpit, in which case our story would have taken a sharp turn for the worse but, finding nothing of interest, he shuffled off and my heart rate went back to normal.

This happy state of affairs persisted for nearly five years. Winter always brings one or two violent storms during which small groups of us collect at the harbour to check lines, reset fenders and generally look out for the larger boats that are left in the water all year. It all works out pretty well but it's no place for a small boat.

Each fall I would haul *Fred* up over the cobble beach and into the semi-shelter of overhanging trees. The technique that emerged was to come up to the beach on a high falling tide to land on a full sheet of plywood which I had previously staked down. A tow-line clapped onto a strengthened edge of the plywood and a portable electric winch then inched the whole affair three or four boat-lengths up the beach and into the trees. Granted, the process involved some terrible creaking and groaning as the plywood slid over the rough stones but the same sheet of plywood lasted for five years. In the spring I would set an anchor at low tide and reverse the process.

Several years passed very decently this way and I was able to keep up with *Fred's* needs. Boats or people, though, age happens. He was getting a bit tatty around the edges and too often I heard myself saying, "Next year I'll fix that." Worse, I was getting more wobbly myself. First, I cut a short pole to fit in a thole pin socket as a hand-hold for stepping on or off and then, for the first time ever, I hired a kid to scrape the bottom. It became a hard fact of life that if the weather had turned frisky during one of my little mini-cruises and I'd been bashed around a bit, it now took a couple of days for the aches and pains to go away. Then once, I barely managed to pull myself back from going overboard and a few days later I tried to fix a leak but only made it worse. Perhaps it was time.

If we were telling our story to a child at bedtime, we might well end it now with: "...and the old man sailed his little boat for many many years..." but we're telling a different kind of story here and we are committed to being truthful. When



I was younger and brave, in that way that younger men have of being brave, I would have pressed on. Certainly, that temptation still lingered. If we're lucky, though, age brings with it different ways of dealing with the world. Hopefully, years of sailing have taught a few of the Universal Lessons: look around for bad weather coming, reef when you first think of reefing and don't push your luck. My particular challenge was that my choices were so limited. No one in my tiny community was interested in buying *Fred* – or even owning him for that manner – and there was no practical way of getting him 80 miles (130km) over to Juneau where there might be a better market. On the other hand, on no account could I simply put him on the beach and walk away leaving him to rot before my eyes.

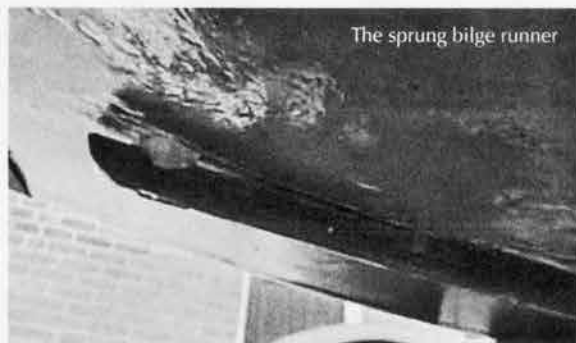
Fortunately for us all, this story won't go into the days of wrinkled brow and the nights of troubled sleep that went before *The Decision*. No. We will cheat. We will jump ahead to the last scene. I am standing on the edge of a large field with Wendy and a small clutch of old sailing friends. Arms are around shoulders. We are telling stories about boats and harbours and good passages made. A bottle of fine Irish whiskey is going around. It is a calm day. The flames are HOT and the column of smoke goes straight up until it meets a faint breeze and it bends off toward the west. Seaward.



How to Fix a Minor Leak, by Rob Stracey

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

'Rob was coping with a persistent water leak from a sprung bilge runner and was glad of his electric bilge pump,' wrote Steve Bradwell in his report on the South Coast region's Newtown Creek rally (DC 242).



A simple sentence that kindly brushes past my own foolhardiness. Like much of the damage that occurs to small wooden boats, it started with a sickening scrunch as *Galadriel's* hull came into contact with the hard sand and stones of the Warsash slipway. She was leaking slightly and I brushed this off as being the usual leak from the daggerboard case that I had been happily repairing each winter for the past few years; she is almost fifty after all and a little leakage didn't bother me. In hindsight, a thorough inspection of the hull after that grounding would have saved me from a lot of stress.

As Steve and I sailed out of Southampton water, I felt the familiar grumble of the board scraping on gravel so I yanked it half way up and made for deep water. While moving about, I noticed that the hull was flexing beneath my feet more than usual. I observed that the front of the port side buoyancy tank was no longer connected to the hull, the glass tape joint had failed and water was trickling in through the crack. I should have turned back, but the sun was shining and I was only having to pump every ten minutes or so. Like many members I have to juggle work, family, rallies and other cruising commitments so I was not keen on giving up on what was always going to be the last of the two overnights I had planned for 2019.

So, I carried on to Newtown. Steve had taken a detour but I made straight for the creek as I felt that *Galadriel* could do with a check-over. I anchored in shallow water and waded ashore. Pulling *Galadriel* stern-first towards the beach I was able to heel her over and take a look ... and she didn't look that bad! A bilge runner had sprung from its position screwed under the hull and therefore had left a screw hole into the wooden block to which the front of the tank is fixed to inside the hull. It would appear that the sideways scraping as she had grounded on the slipway had wrenched the screw out; it was also obvious that the area around the screw hole was very soft. I plugged the hole with matchsticks, the soft dry timber swelling making a temporary plug. This got me through the night but by the following day water was pouring in through the screw hole at the fastest rate yet. Again, I should have given up. I could have had a lift back with one of the other boats and made a round trip on the ferry with the trailer, but I wanted to make it back

myself, so I set off in blustery conditions for the Hamble. As I made progress the leak got worse, and by the time I reached Warsash I had the pump running continuously to keep the water at bay.

It was clear, by this time, that *Galadriel* was in need of some serious repair. However, I was still under the illusion that a bit of a patch would do; maybe a strip back to bare wood and a couple of coats of epoxy and two-pack paint to protect her. A quick poke about with a chisel ended that delusion. For as long as I have had her the foot well had been painted in non-slip deck paint, thick stuff with grit in it to help you keep your footing, and, as it transpires, to hide all manner of sins. The bottom of my boat had been sheathed inside with polyester resin and glass cloth, and I had no idea. Although Mirrors were originally built with polyester resin to glue them together, it is actually quite a terrible wood glue — it does not penetrate the wood fibres at all and it doesn't stick to it very well either. I ripped the sheathing out with little more effort than ripping the tape from an Amazon package after three days hidden behind the wheelie bin, revealing a vast expanse of thoroughly rotten plywood. Water had been seeping between the ply and the glass cloth and had rotted the timber away with my being none the wiser. It makes me shudder to think of how many times I have stood on totally rotten 3/16ins plywood over deep water and somehow got away with it.



It was late autumn and I had to make a decision — total restoration and rebuilding of a fifty-year-old Mirror over the winter without an indoor workspace, or donate her to the local Scout's bonfire and spend the winter fitting *Galadriel's* tent and other modifications to a newer hull. Obviously, this was the only economically viable option, and so of course I chose the other one. Drastic work was needed, she needed a new bottom. Rather like Cher or Nicki Minaj.

First stop was eBay, where I purchased a flimsy twenty-foot-long gazebo, and then to Trident from whom I ordered two hull panels, two bilge runners, four floor battens, a foot rest, daggerboard case kit, glass tape and epoxy resin. While I waited for the couriers of Great Britain to bring the results of half a month's wages, I set about converting an old launching trolley into a sort of jig to hold her upside down but keeping her in shape, and then I started to rip out the ply. It was

so rotten I removed the whole lot in under ten minutes, mostly with my bare hands.



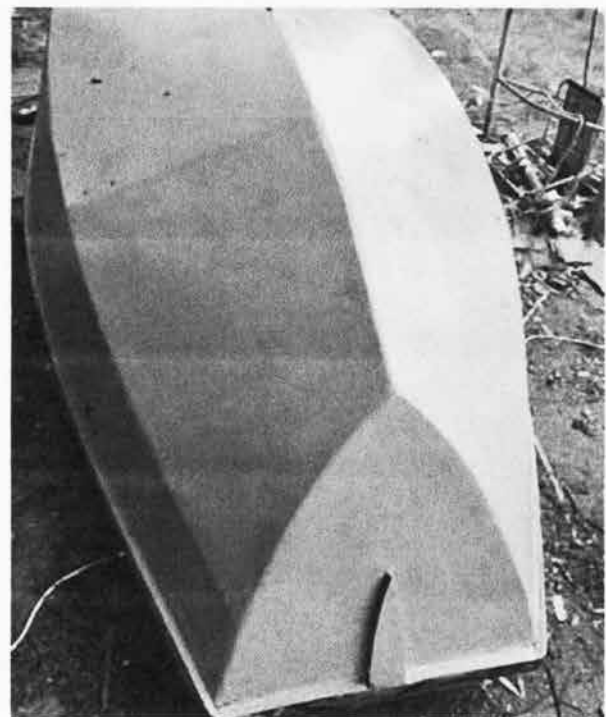
The panels from Trident were almost a perfect fit, although pre-decimal Mirrors were built with 3/16" plywood which is now rarer than hen's teeth, so more modern ones are built using 5mm plywood. This left a step of roughly 1/2 mm on the butt strap where the aft panels meet the smaller (but thankfully 100% sound!) forward panels. This step was planed down a little, and then faired in with epoxy and fairing compound. As decades of paint was stripped from the remaining panels, I found some areas had been filled with car body filler; this was dug out and replaced with epoxy. Thankfully none of the other panels was sufficiently damaged to need patching or replacing, so filling and fairing it was. The panels were given a few copper wire stitches here and there to hold the seam together. Mirrors were not built this way up, and if I were building a new kit from scratch I would have taped the inside first. But I wasn't and these stitches had to be removed before taping. So the panels were then glued with thickened epoxy before I removed the stitches and taped them.

The taping of the seams felt like such a milestone that I almost allowed myself to believe that I might have her upright before the end of the year, but sadly it was not to be. As winter set about doing its thing the gazebo blew away. I tried to repair it but I seemed to spend longer fixing it than I did the boat, so I wrapped her up, and came back to her in January with all my new year's enthusiasm. Which promptly ended when I had to shell out for a new gazebo.

But with it done, work began in earnest. The new bilge runners were screwed and glued in place, the old skeg was stripped, sanded and bonded to the hull. I assembled the dagger board case without screws, using only epoxy. *Galadriel's* old case had leaked constantly from the screw holes so I decided to cure that problem at least. I also had some 80gsm glass cloth in the shed that I used to sheathe the inside faces of the case, the idea being that it would provide protection to the plywood from sand and small stones that may get in there. Time will tell if this was a good idea. The weave of the tape on the hull was filled and faired with epoxy and fairing compound, and then everything was thoroughly sanded. By hand. For days.

Now it was time to paint. I do not like painting, predominantly because I am not very good at it and I was dubious about allowing the past three months' work to get daubed in very expensive and very difficult-to-remove coloured gloop, with the end result looking like something that might be put on the fridge door after school, and surreptitiously smuggled into the recycling after the kids are asleep. But paint her I did, first with Interprotect Primer, which is a two-part primer that is quite thick, but doesn't run much, and seems to make *Galadriel* look like she has just been popped out of a mould. Next came Perfection Undercoat and three coats of Perfection 'Oxford Blue'. Top coats were painted on with a small foam roller, and 'tipped off' with a 3ins high quality brush. The purpose of this is to remove the roller's 'orange peel' texture without leaving brush strokes. The paint was probably the most expensive single purchase, but I felt that I had to prevent any further damage to her now I had put all this effort in, and while I had her all sanded and nice it seemed foolish not to put on the best stuff I could. I know from past experience that International's Perfection range sets hard as iron and wouldn't need replacing for several years (*at least 30 or many more—Ed*). And I do really not like painting. The keel band was broken in several places so I replaced it with some nice new brass, dipping the screw threads with epoxy to protect the wood.

And so it came time to turn her over, and in some ways this was the hardest part, as it required the help of other people, and trying to find people happy to stand in my garden in early February turning a boat over whilst I shriek profanities about how close people are coming to damaging my paintwork was not an easy task. But like all the other jobs so far it was done eventually, allowing me to survey the inside of my pride and joy in daylight for the first time in months, and to realise with shock that she's only just half done! RS





Most of the projects featured are neat and have a high level of finish. For a creation that will be put in the ocean and beat on with sticks, that seemed too high of a standard. When building the Unlimited Canoe we instead opted for durability and fast construction, not to mention cheap.

The bulk of the canoe is made from cedar strips, resawn from siding boards taken from my house during a remodeling project about 20 years ago. The plywood for the stations was from a crate that had contained two surf skis from Italy (almost a full $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick and very flat). We built it on a strongback that was also used in the construction of four previous canoes, although none was a full 45' like the Unlimited Canoe. The expanded size of this canoe called for an additional 4'x8' sheet of $\frac{1}{2}$ " plywood and two additional legs.

My partner in the construction project provided the workspace and sprung for the carbon fiber cloth, which adds to the boat's strength. I bought the 7.5oz glass cloth to cover the carbon fiber and provide a protective layer. We both contributed to the epoxy supplies, two containers of WEST SYSTEM® 105-C Epoxy Resin with 207-SC Special Clear Hardener and 209-SC Extra Slow Hardener.

The initial build from beginning to first water test took us from June 2018 to February 2019. All the glue up was with WEST SYSTEM® Epoxy which we mixed in a very few plastic cups (once the epoxy is cured it releases easily from the plastic so the cup can be reused). We added symmetrical strips of wood at both keel and gunwales to even out any stresses that might occur if it was built one side at a time. Each station had the edges covered with masking tape and a strip of 1" carbon tape stretched along it. My feeling is that this helps maintain the shape before the interior is covered with fiberglass fabric.

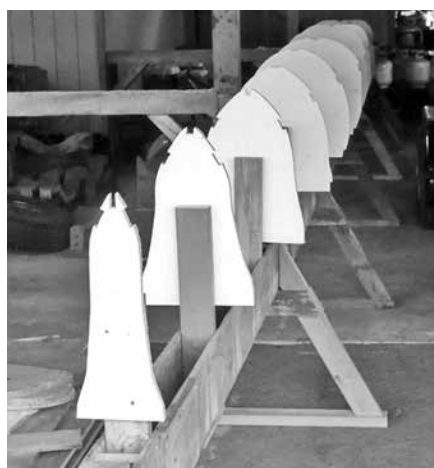
Templates for the strongback cut out of remnants of a packing crate.



Unlimited Canoe

By Donald Weir

Reprinted from *Epoxyworks*
News Magazine of Gougeon Brothers



The strongback had previously been used to build four other canoes, however, stations were added to expand it to build the Unlimited Canoe.

We also reused our plastic cups and disposable brushes to mix quantities of epoxy for wetting out the wood structure before applying the fiberglass. After draping the dry fabric over the surface, we poured liquid epoxy over it and used a plastic spreader to saturate the cloth, with one person mixing the resin and hardener and another doing the spreading. It may be as solid as a vacuum bagged hull.

Laying up the keel.



The good thing about epoxy is that someone can mix quantities of four or five pump strokes while someone else applies the epoxy. A bit of moisture clouding (Hilo, Hawaii, is seriously tropical) can occur as the epoxy cures, but it's not a problem for strength or cure time. For filler, we mixed sanding dust from the #120-grit belt sander as needed.

We used a lot of 2" blue Styrofoam in the seats and decks as well as in the ends for flotation in case the canoe capsizes.

Initially we had the ama at the very front of the canoe until torsional rigidity proved a problem and we've since moved it back. But the ama is still forward of a typical six person outrigger. Currently we are playing with a hydrofoil on the ama and we have considered mounting a sail rig.

The Unlimited Canoe has been used regularly in practice with paddlers 10 to 14 years old who tend to beat on the watercraft a bit. There are seven seats because no one had a good concept of the balance for six paddlers. The seventh seat allows an adult to coach the six person crew.

The boat is named *Alala* after the Hawaiian crow, which is also very black. All up weight is about 320lbs, which is about 80lbs less than the 400lbs, typical for a Hawaiian outrigger canoe.

Inside of the unlimited canoe showing the cedar strip.



The canoe was covered with a layer of carbon fiber to help give it rigidity, followed by a layer of fiberglass for protection.



The inside of the canoe also had some carbon fiber reinforcement covered with a layer of fiberglass.



I've been meaning to reply to Gerry Rosen who wrote "Building a Malibu Outrigger" in the February issue. I, too, am intrigued by outrigger canoes, having designed my own this winter and starting construction soon.

I first read of the Malibu in *Multihull Voyaging* by Thomas Firth Jones. Tom wrote long before Brown's or Wharram's proas. Warren Seaman was selling plans for the 19' Malibu Outrigger, a tacking proa. The float was to windward on one tack and leeward on the other and the rig and steering gear didn't have to be shifted. Malibus were briefly popular on California beaches.

A friend of ours who had seen them there built one and sailed it out of Cape May for a couple of seasons. He said she went fastest with the float to windward and barely touching the water, but just when she seemed in a nice groove there a gust would come and over she would go. A couple of years later he was back in California and saw that all the Malibus had been replaced by Hobies.

Additional information can be found on the excellent website Tackingoutrigger.com. They have a link to an essay written in 2002 by Steve Willison describing his adventures with a Malibu, along with photos. Lower on the page is a link to the material from the 1958 *Popular Mechanics* article and a 44 page booklet *Techniques of Sailing and Rac-*

Malibu Outrigger

By Robert Van Putten



Steve Willison and his Malibu.

ing the Malibu Outrigger by the Malibu Outrigger Association, 1968.

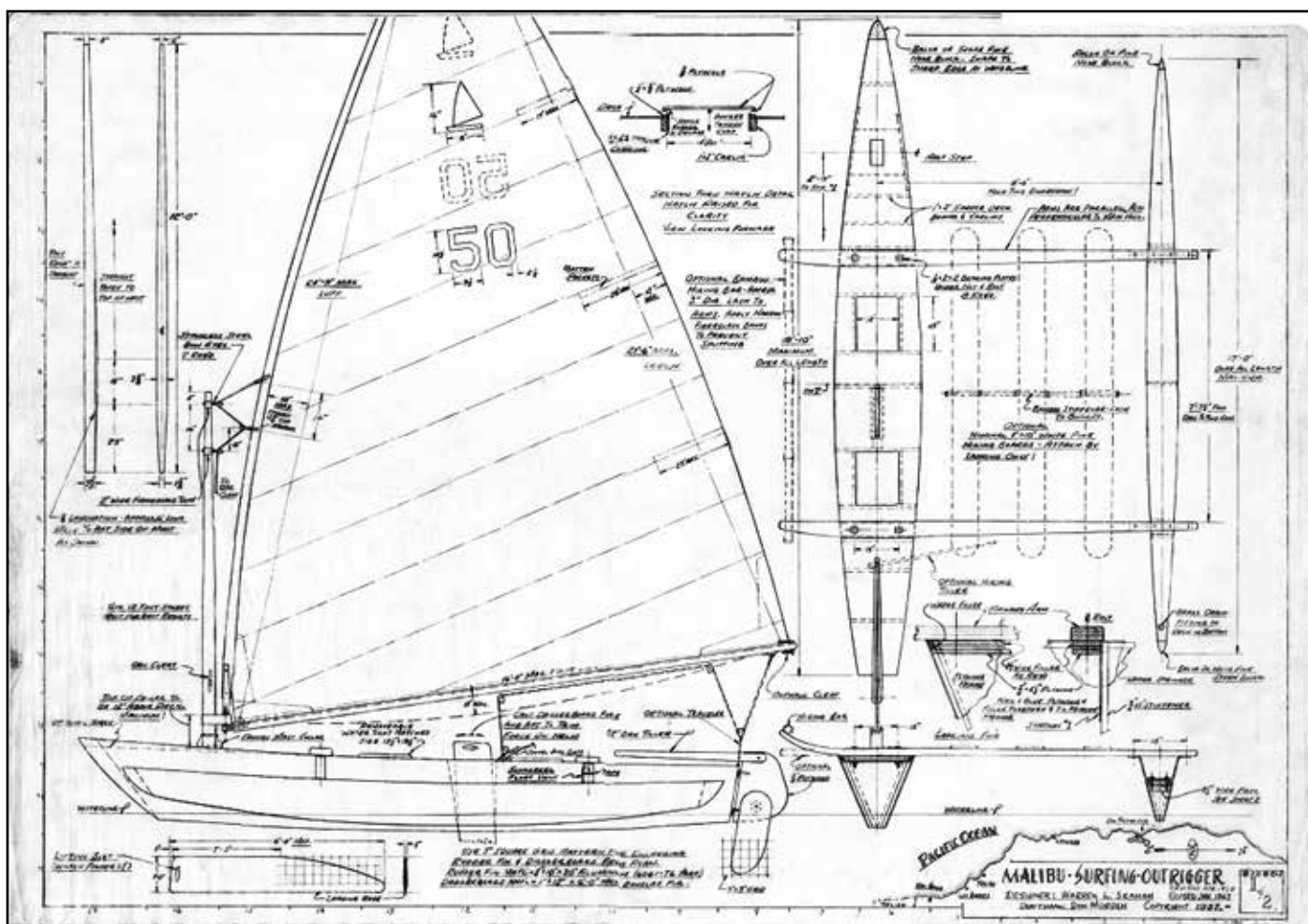
The plans were originally sold by the Malibu Yacht Club. I suggest contacting them to see if they are still available. Apparently there was a 12' version, too, once upon a time. The Malibu is a big boat, easily capable of carrying four adults. The sail plan is rather large and cannot be reefed. It's a fast boat, intended for several athletic sailors and

often pitch poled or capsized. I don't think I'd recommend one to an octogenarian.

I'm only 58 myself but I'm already tired of sailing while sprawled in a small boat hanging on anyway I can for dear life. To quote Tom again from his *New Plywood Boats*, "... No daysailer is as comfortable as the worst chair in your living room." Boy, was he right about that. My outrigger will have a modest, reefable sail and comfortable seats in the hull. From now on all the boats I build will have seats!

As to the proposed construction using flashing over stringers, all I can say is good luck! You'll have to frame it like a skin-on-frame boat. It's a fast boat that, with an active crew, is easily capsized or pitch poled and must be built sturdily enough to take this kind of abuse. Ordinary AC exterior plywood is ideal. It's strong, stiff, light, cheap, easily worked, needs very few frames and it floats! When the boat is no longer wanted it is easily burned. I'd glass only the bottom and I'm sure she would last until nobody cared about her anymore.

I think an outrigger canoe has only two advantages over a small catamaran. One is increased portability. It is possible to design a small outrigger canoe that can be readily cartopped, as mine will be. The second is less material costs. The catamaran is superior in every other way. If keeping the boat on a beach or intending to trailer her, build a cat.



The compact offshore racing boat known as the Globe Mini 5.80 is the brainchild of adventurer and sailing legend Don McIntyre. This boat design is taking off all over the world in the form of a DIY kit constructed with plywood and WEST SYSTEM® Epoxy.

The new International One Design Class of plywood Mini 5.8 meter (19') yachts is aimed at "home builders and adventurous racing sailors," according to McIntyre. "The Mini 5.80 is for all sailors, young and old, who have a dream to sail oceans in small, fun, affordable and proven safe ocean going yachts," he says.

"Simple plywood construction means anyone can build this Mini in a few months, or your local shipwright can do it for you. It all fits inside a 20' container for shipping to or from international events. The mast has a sleeve to allow two piece shipping and removing the keel and rudder is simple. It can be taken home on a trailer by an ordinary family car."

Less than four months after its official launch in April of 2020, 80 sailors have signed up to build one in 23 countries. Conceived by McIntyre, founder of the 2018 Golden Globe Race, as an affordable "People's Mini" for amateur construction, this solo ocean and offshore racing yacht is proving popular.

A whole new segment of sailors is embracing the benefits of a simpler and more sustainable challenge, says McIntyre. "The idea of an affordable, wholesome, back to basics, non foiling and safe mini yacht, able to sail anywhere, has great appeal. Being easy to build, own and maintain, then offering fun yet serious one design sailing, seems to have hit the spot. Adventurous solo sailors are excited but there are plenty of club racers who see this as an opportunity for some fun."

International fleets are expected to appear over the next few years. "The yacht is creating real interest and new opportunities traveling to Europe for the 2021 Globe 5.80 Transat and Mini Globe Race in 2024," he adds.

The concept is simple. "Building plans (Euro \$300), hand tools, plywood, WEST SYSTEM® Epoxy, then clear out the garage and start building your Globe 5.80. Build time is approximately 500 to 600 hours."

Ten sailmakers are currently under review to select an exclusive one design sail supplier to the 5.80 Class for the next five years. This will deliver identical high quality racing sails at a realistic price to all sailors through economies of scale. It also caps cost, leveling the playing field and ensuring even competition, whether sponsored or unsponsored.

CNC kit suppliers have been established in 15 countries, including Australia.

CNC cutting the kit pieces.



Boat in a Box The Globe Mini 5.80

By ATL Composites
Reprinted from *Epoxyworks*
Newsletter of Gougeon Brothers



Andrew Denman of Denman Marine in Kettering, Tasmania, has been appointed the Australian kit agent and is CNC cutting kits and keel bulbs for the fast growing fleet. "We have supplied two kits so far and have another one in the pipeline."

According to the founder of the Class 5.80, Don McIntyre, the boat was designed as an offshore capable mini which will appeal to many, including the hardcore single handed enthusiast. "Class racing in small boats like this has proved very popular internationally but the types of hi tech vessels used would normally be out of reach budget wise for most people," adds Andrew. "The use of plywood, fiberglass and WEST SYSTEM® Epoxy in a simple but strong structure brings the costs within reach of many more people."

Andrew is supplying the kits and recommending WEST SYSTEM® Epoxy, which he says is the ideal base for structural bonding, coving applications and for coating and sheathing the plywood. Internationally regarded as the leading marine epoxy, WEST SYSTEM® is easy for the amateur builder to work with. The WEST SYSTEM® User Manual provides basic epoxy techniques to help ensure user success.

The boats are made of Lloyd's certified marine plywood, solid timber cleaning and stringers, sheathed in fiberglass and epoxy. They are solid, sturdy and strong. The result should be a durable, low maintenance watercraft.

The Solo Globe 5.80 Transat is the first major event for the 5.80 Class. Host port partners are expected to be announced in the next few months and already there are 13 expressions of interest from around the world. "There's an ambitious calendar of events for this little boat," says Andrew. "If anybody's going to pull it off, it's Don."



CNC cutting the Globe Mini keel bulb.

Since 1969 Gougeon Brothers, Inc, manufacturers of WEST SYSTEM® Epoxy, have guided amateur boat builders through their wood and WEST SYSTEM® Epoxy projects. Have questions? Call our Technical Department at 866-937-8797.



Technical Data

Length Overall – 5.80 m (19')
Hull Length – 5.70 m (18.7')
Width – 2.27 m (7.4')
Draft – 1.40 m (4.6')
Weight – 700 kg (1,543 lb)
Keel Ballast – 220 kg (485 lb)
Deck – 8 mm Plywood (0.3")
Hull – 20 mm & 10 mm Plywood (0.8" & 0.4")
Twin Running Daggerboards
Mainsail – 12.5 m² / 9.9 m² / 7.2 m² / 4.4 m²
(134.5 ft² / 106.5 ft² / 77.5 ft² / 47.4 ft²)
Jib – 7.6 m² / 4.7 m² (82 ft² / 51 ft²)
Storm Jib – 1.6 m² / 0.9 m² (17 ft² / 10 ft²)
Gennaker – 25 m² (269 ft²)

About Epoxyworks

In July of 1977 Gougeon Brothers Inc, the manufacturer of WEST SYSTEM® Epoxy products, produced the first issue of *The Boatbuilder*, an eight page black and white newsletter about building boats with WEST SYSTEM® epoxy. *The Boatbuilder* gradually grew in length, content and readership. In the autumn of 1992 we changed the name to *Epoxyworks*, switched to full color printing and expanded the scope of the magazine to include all kind of epoxy projects. *Epoxyworks* has been published twice yearly ever since and enjoys a readership of approximately 80,000.

In the late 1990s we launched the online edition of *Epoxyworks* and we upgraded the site to WordPress in 2014.

To learn more about Gougeon Brothers Inc, read our company overview. Find out why WEST SYSTEM® is the most trusted marine epoxy you can buy. And if you're really curious, you can check out the history of our Gougeon Brothers Inc and its founders, brothers Meade and Jan Gougeon.

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Airborne Lifeboats in the 1940s

by Len Wingfield

IN THE GRIM DAYS OF WORLD WAR 2 many of our bombers returning from air raids were forced to ditch in the North Sea, often near to the enemy coast. This made rescue by lifeboat or air-sea rescue launch hazardous, particularly with the threat from the diesel-engined E-boats, which were faster and less vulnerable than our petrol-engined boats. Uffa Fox¹ the eminent designer therefore engaged in a seemingly mad scheme to drop specially constructed lifeboats by parachute from heavy bombers, with aircraft engineers devising the dropping gear on which the airborne lifeboat concept depended.

A considerable number of ALBs were built and they worked remarkably well. In all, over 600 airmen were rescued. The boats were strongly built to withstand the drop, had simple sailing rigs, daggerboards, engines, full-length oars and familiar car type steering wheels rather than tiller steering. There was sleeping shelter for the crew, radio, charts and navigation gear, with instructions for use, and food for the voyage. The self-rescued crew would be a young, fit and intelligent team trained to navigate a complex bomber, so could be expected to soon sort the boat out, tend any wounded, set watches and get it moving. The concept took on, and the Americans still had ALBs in the Korean War.

The first time an ALB was deployed in action, the crew to be rescued were unaware of their existence. It must have been a shock to have seen the boat dropping from the rescue plane! At one stage some ALBs had rockets fitted to explode on contact with water and shoot out lines for easier boarding. The boats righted themselves if necessary.

Anyway, the aircrew would soon have realised their good fortune and got on board. Within an hour or so



Vickers Warwick with a lifeboat slung beneath the fuselage



A drop, July 13th 1945, off Leigh on Solent



A British Uffa Fox-type airborne lifeboat having its sailing rig checked. A Vickers Warwick aircraft is in the background with D-Day paint bands. Hudsons were also used for the drops.



Photographs on this page © The Imperial War Museum
Single photograph on the next page © RAF Museum's Twitter account. Drawings by Len

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK



A British Uffa Fox-type airborne lifeboat in use

of facing death by drowning or exposure, or captivity at best, they would be sailing for home! It would be the open boat cruise of a lifetime.

The ALBs were slim boats with canoe stems, most were about 32 feet in length by 7 feet beam, strongly constructed in wood. After the war a number were sold off and converted for pleasure sailing. In those days there were shortages of almost everything, and secondhand boats were commonly rotten from wartime neglect, so ex-WD ALBs would have been very attractive to young, fit, adventurous but impecunious sailors. I knew of a group of Guy's Hospital students who owned one which they sailed in a carefree style on the Crouch estuary. They soon broke their dagger-board but subsequently carried second-hand doors as replacements. Other ALBs were converted into (relatively) conventional yachts. One I knew was fitted with an ex-Ford Model T engine, for which marine conversion kits were still available.

I briefly owned an ALB built in aluminium alloy built by Saunders Roe, which had been partially converted by the previous owner. It was Bermudan ketch-rigged and fitted with the original Coventry Victor inboard engine which I never succeeded in starting. However it had a set of 18 foot oars, rowed easily single handed and was very fast under mainsail only, even in winds of only 7 or 8 knots, and was very stiff. I soon realised that, especially without a motor, it was too big to sail single-handed. I could have bought a Seagull Century outboard and fitted it alongside, but the aluminium construction was not lovable and did not lend itself to conversion, so I sold the boat for what I gave.

However there were also smaller ALBs built on similar lines, only 22 feet or some said smaller. They

were intended for one to five survivors, presumably for ditched escort fighters or fighter-bombers like the famous two-man Mosquito². These smaller craft seem to have been ideal for conversion as fast cruising boats. However I never saw one. An ex-RAF friend told me that at the end of the war his commanding officer ordered twenty small ALBs to be burned.

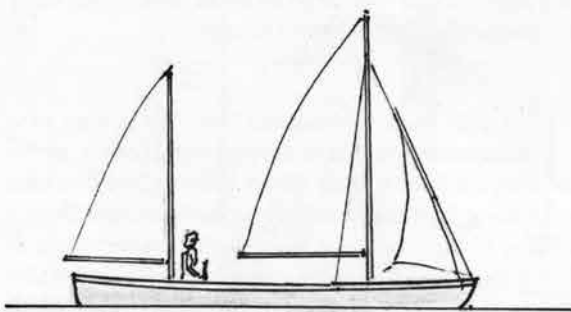
I had already started sailing by 1955 when the DCA was formed, but was unfortunately unaware of its existence until much later. I don't know whether any other member owned an ALB but they would have known of their existence (and most of them would have disapproved!) A few ALBs may have survived, perhaps there is one in an aircraft museum.

¹ Uffa Fox was the most famous English dinghy sailor of his time. In his 14-foot International he won 54 out of a series of 57 races, and was placed in the others.

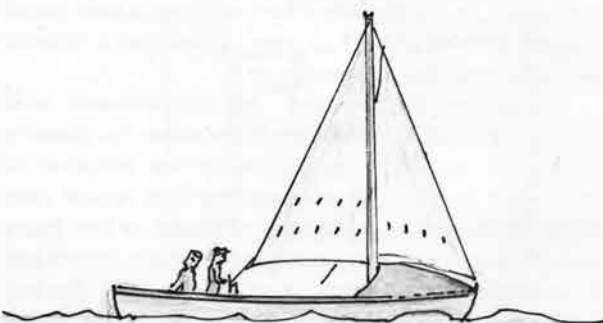
² The wooden-framed and plywood-skinned Mosquito proved to be a brilliant success, and the adhesives and construction methods developed for it led to the Fairey Marine moulded-ply boats such as the Albacore and the hull for the famous *Shoal Waters*, which after its very long hard life is still sailing.

Drawings:

This scale sketch of my semi-converted 32-foot ALB is from memory. The mizzen may have been smaller.



This is how I think my alloy ALB was originally rigged (*below*), with just a Bermudan mainsail and a jib for simplicity, both with reef points. The bows would have been covered with a fabric canopy, perhaps with side sheltering too. The boat could have been steered by one crewman with another keeping an all-round watch on sea and skies. The others could have been sheltering, on call, cooking and eating, sleeping or tending the wounded. LW



**From: Richard James To: Keith Muscott Sent: Dec 2017
Subject: The Uffa Fox Lifeboat**

Dear Keith,

I am writing to ask your permission to re-publish your 2008 article about the Uffa Fox Airborne Lifeboat on the **Atalanta Owners** new website:

<https://atalantaowners.org/>

I am the Secretary of the Association, and by coincidence ex-RAF Aircrew and a WWII historian. My real interest is that I was also Chief Sea Survival Instructor for all the RAF Tornado Force for 10 years.

Regards,

Richard James, AOA Sec

§ Obviously I said yes. After receiving Len's current article I chased up my earlier one (*B198, Spring 2008*) and then I took a look at the Atalanta website but found no trace of it. Then, in the FAQs, I found the Website Editor telling Atalanta owners how to answer anyone who queries, 'Didn't they used to drop those from aircraft in WWII?'

He goes on to say, 'No! The only link between the Atalanta and the airborne lifeboat is Uffa Fox. He designed both of them. Remember, the first Atalanta was not built until 1955!'

Despite these peremptory remarks, there are links between Uffa's LB ideas and his highly individual Atalanta design, which we gain nothing by denying and would lose rather a lot in doing so. I presume that placing my article on the AOA website was foiled by these sentiments, but not immediately, I hope! Here it is again:

UFFA FOX became obsessed with the notion of a 'droppable' lifeboat following the capture of his stepson Bobbie Sach after a ditching. His first idea was a folding boat that could be dropped straight from a low-flying aircraft. He soon realised the impracticality of this, and moved on to consider parachuting it into the sea.

It was to be made of small panels of plywood, which would be opened up by the parachutes as the whole parcel descended. Legend has it that he dropped the first one-eighth scale model from a top floor window and converted the drinkers in the Duke of York to teetotalism after they saw it float down. Folding plywood panels were soon discarded and his new idea was to carry the complete lifeboat in the belly of a Hudson aircraft, which was already in use for air-sea rescue. Subsequently they discovered that the bomb door jacks took up too much room for the lifeboat to be carried in the bomb bay, so it was back to the drawing board to design a boat which was streamlined enough to hang outside like a torpedo without completely ruining the air flow.

Uffa secured the go-ahead from Lord Brabazon, who subsequently got a rocket from those above for allowing himself to cave in so quickly under the influence of Fox's silver tongue. Uffa designed the final version one-eighth scale, and ran off dozens of copies so that many draughtsmen could work on it simultaneously. It took just three weeks in all from pencil lines to waterlines. The hull was built with traditional diagonal planking – two layers of opposing diagonals, one of straight planks fore and aft

separating them. There would have been oiled silk or a similar material between layers.

The test pilot in the Hudson would only fly the first test with the boat attached if Uffa went along too – which he did, including during the final stall tests. The streamlined boat hardly affected the airspeed at all and the plane kept up easily with another Hudson carrying RAF photographers.

A second-hand Britannia Middy engine was examined by the manufacturers for the tests and proved to be exactly right, delivering six knots and good endurance – but it was no longer in production. This led to a call going out to pleasure boat operators up and down the land, including many municipal boating lakes, to strip out engines and return them to the manufacturers, the British Motor Boat Manufacturing Company.

June Dixon, Uffa Fox's niece and biographer, describes the situation:

'These valiant little engines, cast aside by the exigencies of war and no longer responding to the peacetime call of 'Come in number twelve, your time is up', were destined to find themselves chugging gaily along, homeward bound, offering new hope to men whose time but for them might well also have been up.'

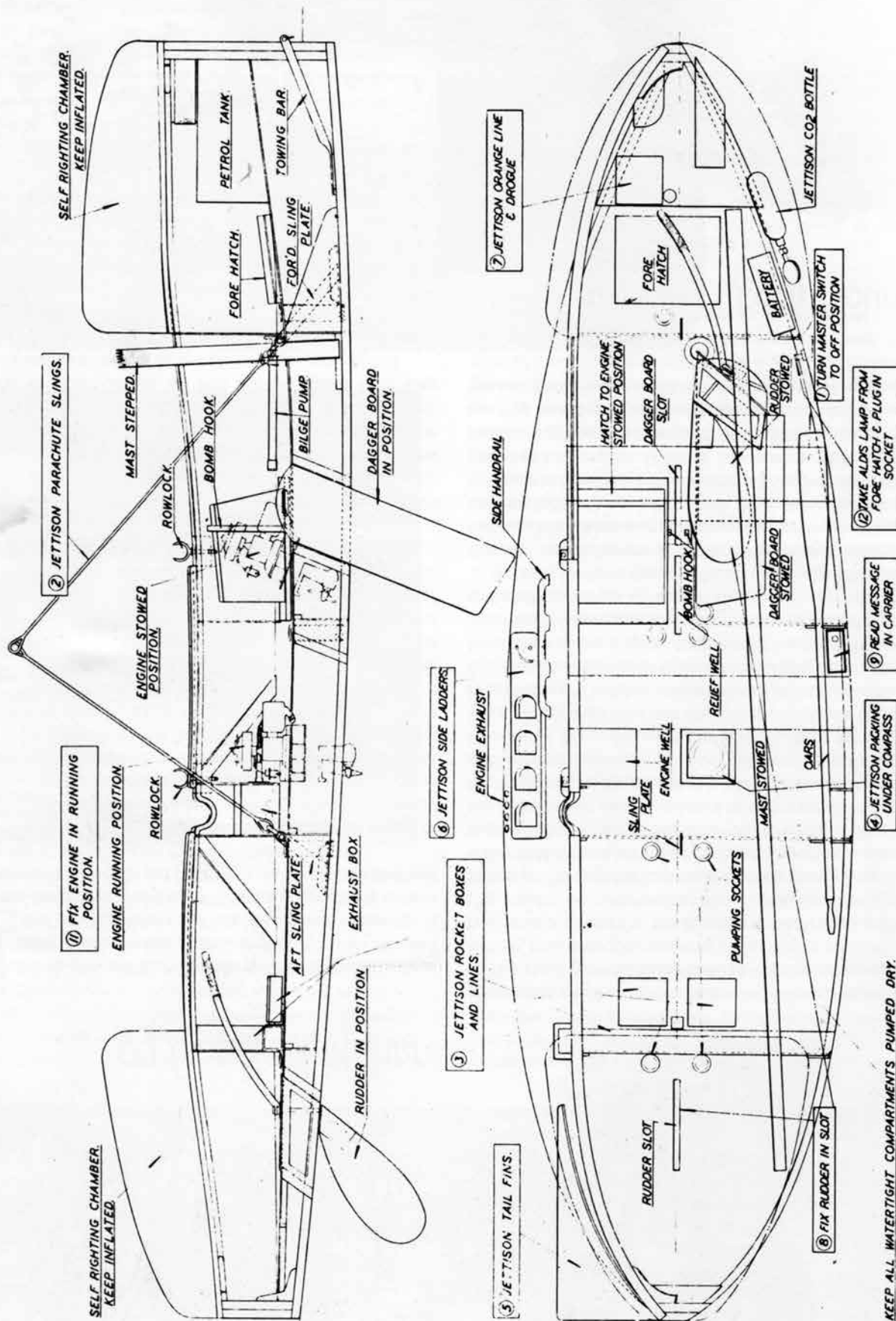
The air-sea trial took place during an air raid, with Uffa Fox and others bobbing up and down in the Solent in a rubber dinghy. The pilot had been instructed to drop the boat from 600 feet at 110 mph, aimed right at the dinghy, whose occupants were duly soaked by the splash.

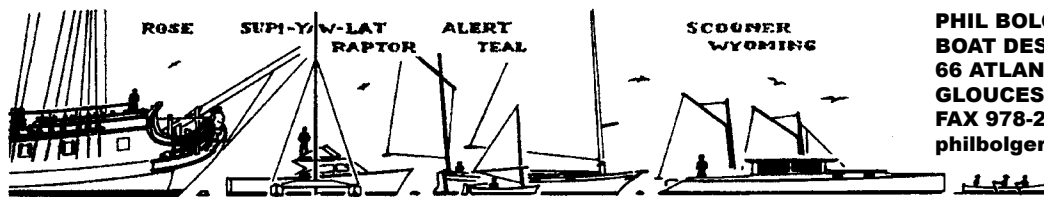
It descended as the designer intended, nose down under several chutes at a thirty-degree angle. The chutes were blown away by a charge when the boat hit the water and floating lines were fired outwards by two rockets.

The boat, the world's first ALB, was equally successful in practice and Uffa Fox was presented with a certificate of thanks by members of the Goldfish Club when he became the subject of the television programme *This is Your Life* in January 1963. Uffa Fox's family and friends must have regarded the Airborne Lifeboat as his best creation, for an engraving of one appears on his memorial stone:



NAVAL AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT MK.I. GENERAL ARRANGEMENT.





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGN SINCE 1952
66 ATLANTIC STREET / PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930 USA
FAX 978-282-1349
philbolger@comcast.net

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #561 in *MAIB*

30'7" - 30'11" x 7'5" - 7'8" x 1'5" x 7100lbs - 7900lbs on Nominal Waterline
 Single or Twin 25/50hp Outboard, Single 30-40hp Diesel, Single 25-35hp V-2 gasoline

In the last issue we looked at the final layout, **Study #12** "Kayak and Canoe Cruiser" of what had grown into a sequence of often quite different types for quite different uses, all on a hull varying a few inches in length but offering 6' and 7' in bottom width.

The 6' wide bottom offers the advantage of riding between the wheels of a standard 8' wide trailer for lower center of gravity on the road and easier launching and retrieval, as that hull will float up few feet earlier down the ramp.

The 7' wide bottom rides higher, above the wheels, but offers more stability afloat to carry larger superstructures for cruising or living aboard, along with a light craft on top, or some solar panels. Any one type in this whole series is sized to still be perfectly "home buildable" with due experience doing a smaller type or two, can still be trailered in just about every state and can be inserted into a standard height or high cube 40' ISO shipping container for long distance shipping by truck, rail, freighter to distant waters or for secure seasonal storage.

However, these 12 are just studies, not yet fully buildable plans. But, revisited recently, these are improved in small details and a big one, such as by widening that bottom on many.

After **Study #12**, we have revisited **Study #1**, the traditional Raised-Deck Cabin-Cruiser type, good for two friendly folks, and on a 6' bottom beam pretty much the leanest lightest actual cruiser in this series, still carrying a two person 6'6" Tortoise dinghy, Design #363, fit for a 2hp outboard, sailing and rowing alright.

And we looked at **Study #2**, the (obvious) Work Boat layout on the narrow bottom hull with just a modest wheelhouse forward, a utility as Phil would call her.

But before we revisit **Study #3** through **Study #11**, let's examine once more how such a boat does come together via the **Assembly Sequence** we drew up for Design #679, the basis for these Studies.

Assembly Sequence: For this almost 31' hull we'd need a workspace at least 34' length and, irrespective of the given bottom width, some 14' width, decent headroom, a workbench, room to store the growing number of cut and shaped pieces and a comfortable chair to plan next construction moves in, and indeed dream some about her.

Even without *MAIB* Vol 36, #1 May 2018 on hand, this sequence will become obvious. It is like assembling a kit except that we build all its pieces ourselves. This process was used to build the first boat to Design #679 in a West Gloucester barn and then again by me building #681, the 39'x7'5"x225hp SACPAS-3 to that US Navy brief, discussed periodically in *MAIB* starting August 2011.

Built in plywood/epoxy/fiberglass/foam construction, we end up with a light, stiff hull structure that can often be made a hard to sink hull depending upon loads carried.

Study #3 is clearly based on Design #650 Topaz but with more cockpit room to sprawl for day boating on a river, lake, inshore and inside her. She may be all that many folks may need with no more than 50hp to allow easy 7 knots without noisy strain. One of the few hulls in this series on that 6' bottom, as she is intended for lightest house construction with the option of light roll up canvas and vinyl transparencies amidships and nobody and nothing on top. Riding lowest, she is easiest to readily haul to the launching ramp, and still offering overnighting for a couple and their dog or that young family cuddling, with a modest head to close the door of, and a rudimentary galley to heat beef stew and make sandwiches. Gas grill aft outside and fishing rods out of both cockpits (*MAIB* Vol 36, #6, October 2018).

Study #4 is based on that Raised Deck Cabin Cruiser Layout of **Study #1** with a different wheelhouse silhouette and a mildly curved transom, perhaps for a nice full mahogany bit of varnished drama. This one is, however, on a 7' bottom for greater load-carrying capacity and additional stability, since using a 30-40hp inboard Diesel engine turning a conventional shaft for propeller size up to around 16" needs that substantial skeg, which makes her ride higher on the trailer anyway. She sure will be most economical for range per gallon of fuel. With that oil/air cooled industrial Diesel located outside and using a dry exhaust, she may ooze as much saltiness as some need for motivation to build this decent coastal cruiser (*MAIB* Vol 36, #2, June 2018).

Study #5 is essentially her Diesel-Trawler style counterpart. But since a centerline Diesel would ruin much of that nice layout, that 30-40hp mouse engine sits outside to port, invisible under a cover, using a driveshaft running aft against the transom turning a cogged belt sprocket which transmits the power via that cogged belt towards centerline into the C configuration Sail Drive from behind. And in order to not collide with the rudder stock, that Sail Drive is tilted to port some which the oil bath lubed gearing inside won't mind. Not a cheap propulsion-geometry, but not a mad budget buster either with these belts familiar from a car's camshaft drive and all outside the cabin, readily accessible, with the Diesel's sweet side filters, etc, facing starboard. Choice of visor profile. Storage for bulky drogues, fenders and lines under that longer foredeck (*MAIB* Vol 36, #12, April 2019).

Study #6 is the "Multi Mission Party Barge," offering accommodations only

under canvas, apart from that privacy via her wheelhouse to change clothes, and the WC in her cuddy. This layout would suit mountain biker, hikers, kayakers, the rugged folks used to roughing it for a few. A lot of utility here between her stern ramp and that wide open cockpit to carry all sorts of watercraft, including our Design #519 Cartopper, diving gear, or just the floor space to sprawl on an air mattress (*MAIB* Vol 36, #5, September 2018).

Study #7 is an airy, easy on the eyes and to live in outboard powered Trawler Yacht based on the 7' bottom because of all that glass and house bulk. Showing a two cylinder 25hp large prop unit for protected waters, the four cylinder 50hp for more exposed cruising waters (*MAIB* Vol 36, #10, February 2019).

Study #8 is the Wheelhouse and Cuddy Workboat type again but with an inboard air/oil cooled (water independent) 30-40hp Diesel engine and that no nonsense dry exhaust (*MAIB* Vol 36, #2, June 2018).

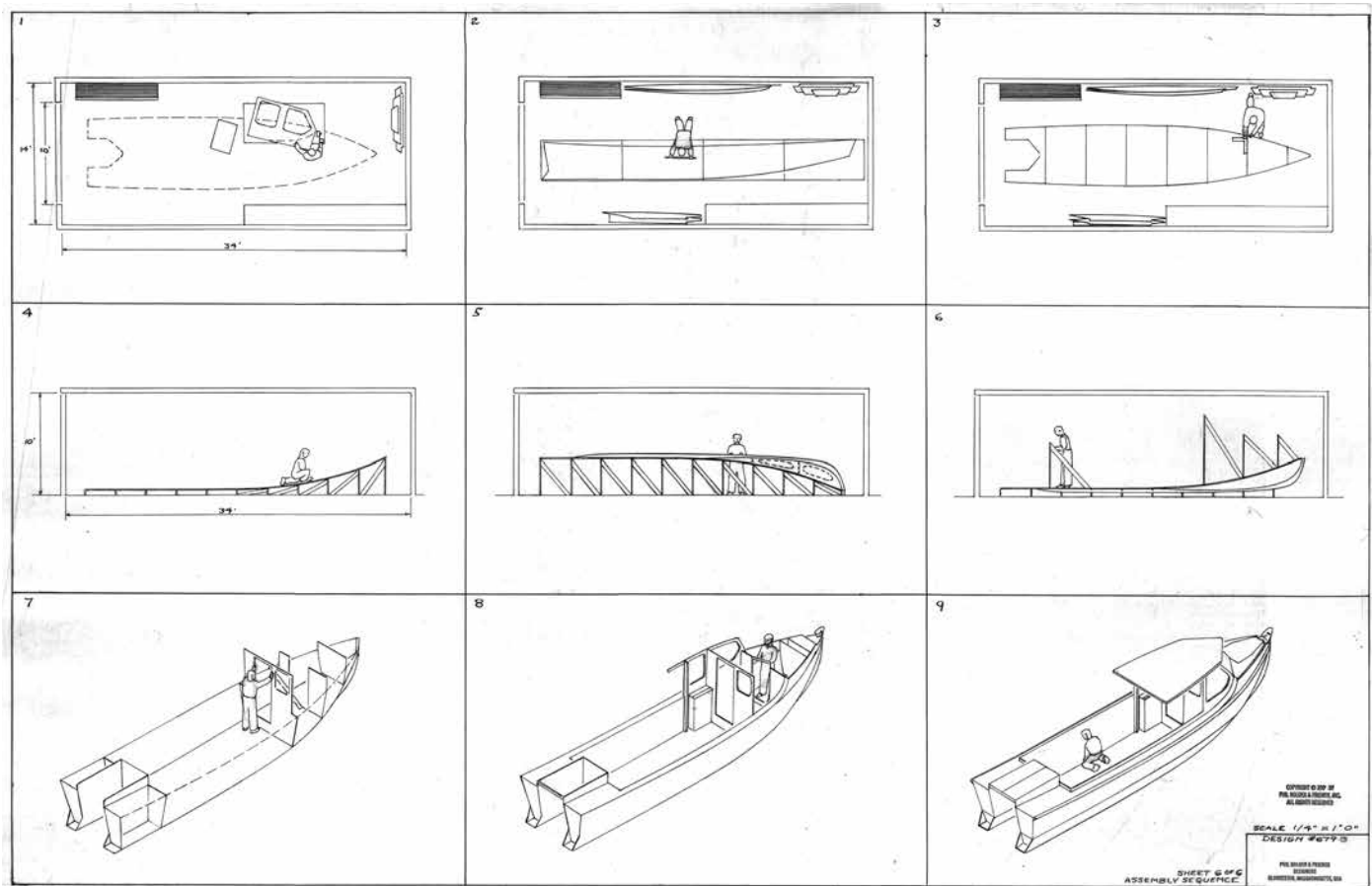
Study #9 offers a Center Console Inboard Diesel Dayboat layout, no frills, good for all sorts of duties, but no privacy or any accommodations, just day work or fun (*MAIB* Vol 36, #3, July 2018).

Study #10 is a veritable Landing Craft with both bow and stern gates, not for four wheel vehicles but for rolling equipment and people to land and retrieve long cargo like 2"x4"s, pipes, plus barrels, bags of cement, whatever. That off center console opens up that cargo deck the most. An air cooled V2 gasoline engine for power turning a cogged belt arrangement and a tilted sail drive, all to starboard to clear the portside stern gate/ramp. She will need some matching ballast on the other side, however, typically kept level running by careful placement of cargo and people. And shown with a 6' narrow bottom since she has not much superstructure. She'd carry more yet on 7' (*MAIB* Vol 36, #7, November 2018).

Study #11 is a Six Pack for Charter Sport Fishing or can serve as a Yacht Club Committee Boat and Dinghy Racing Support Craft, fit to tow a good string of skiffs with that inboard Diesel. Just enough enclosed privacy aboard, a minimal galley and hard shelter for a downpour for four to six to huddle under, masks or not. Perhaps a stern gate to drag in capsize racers, or that prized big fish (*MAIB* Vol 36, #3, July 2018).

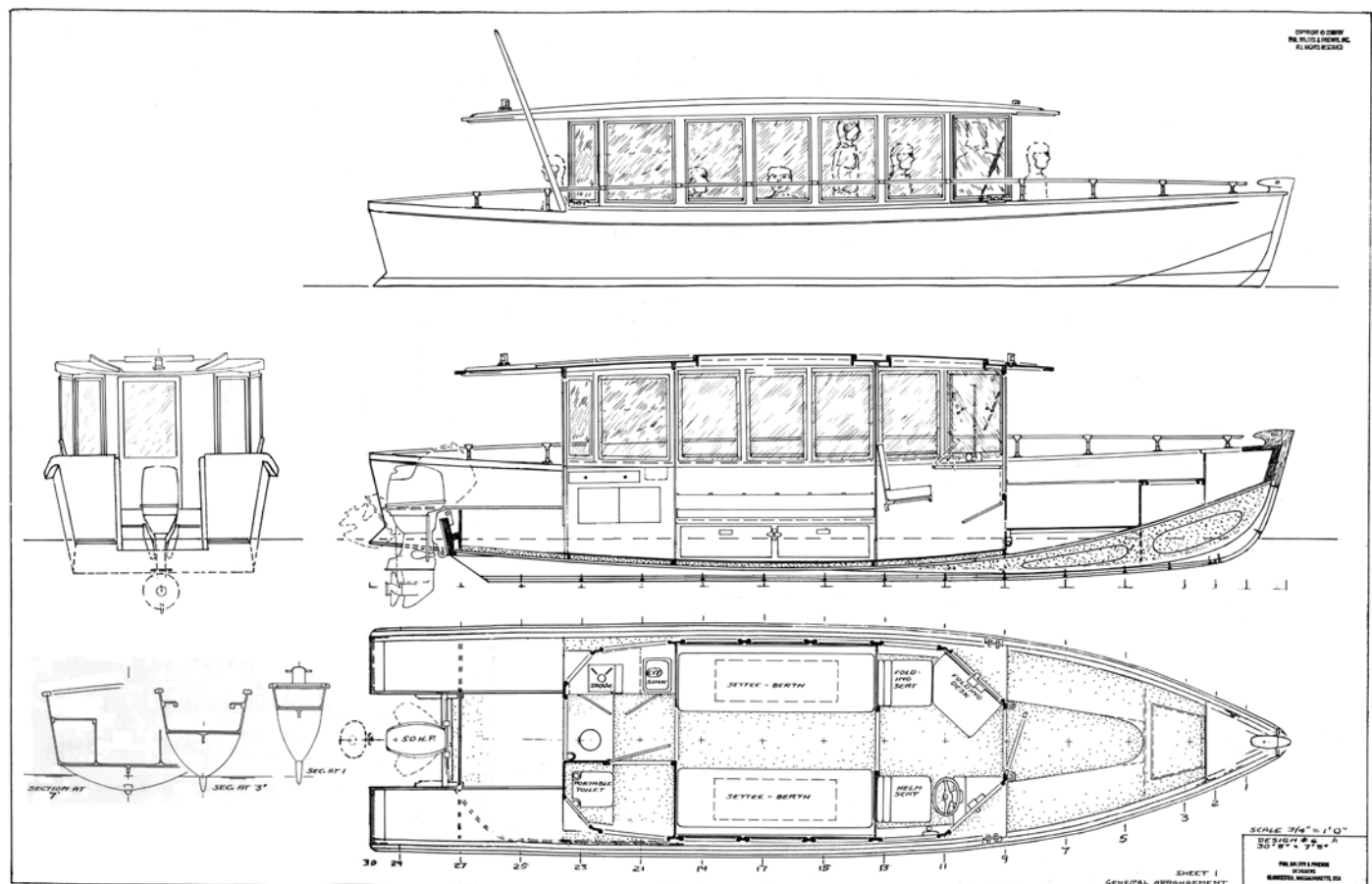
Many of these Studies would look even more appealing if the physical format of my high density drawings format allowed lots of room for masts and other nautical eye candy. But you can imagine things.

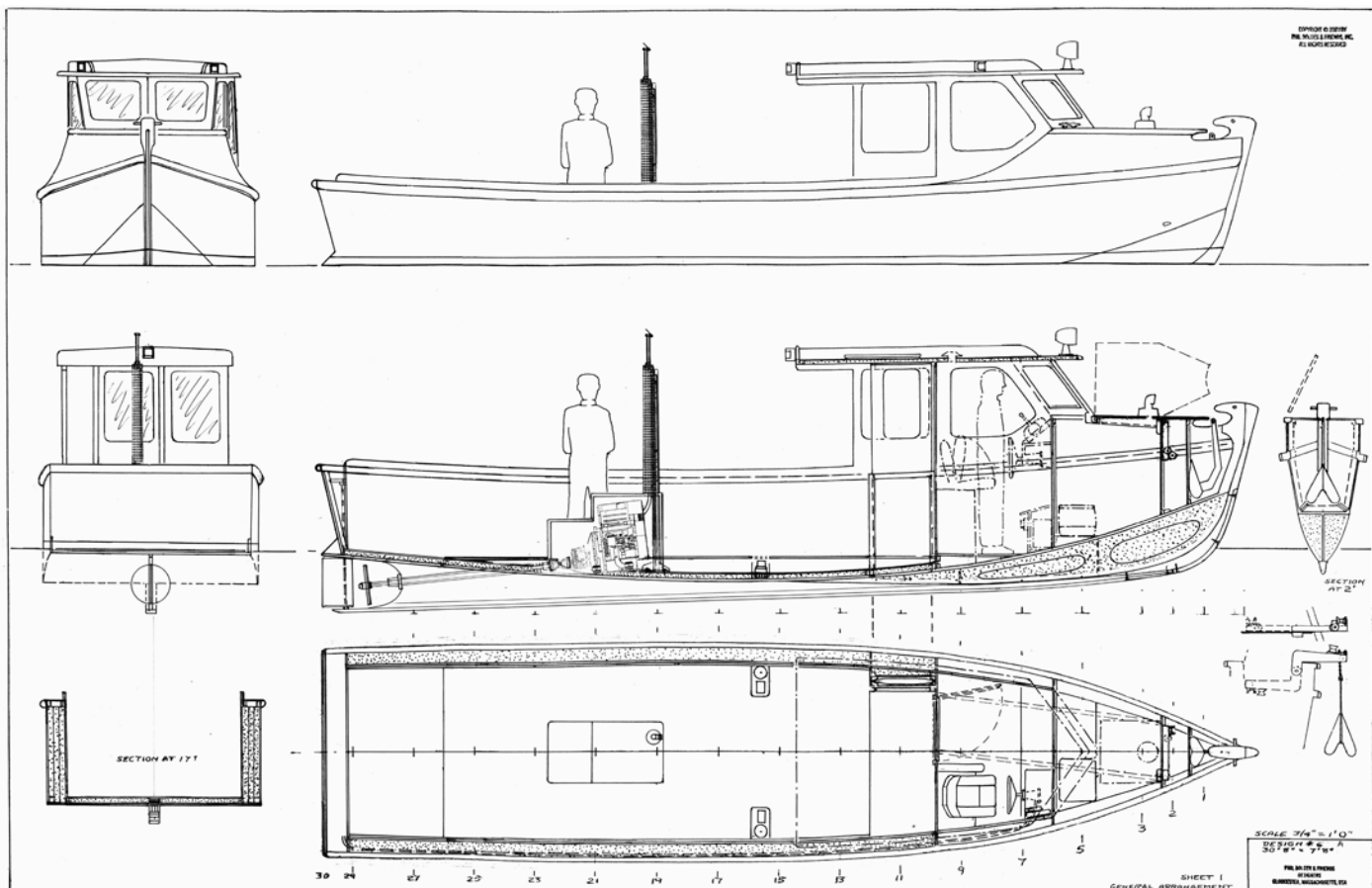
Next issue something quite different and yet somewhat related to all this.



Assembly Sequence

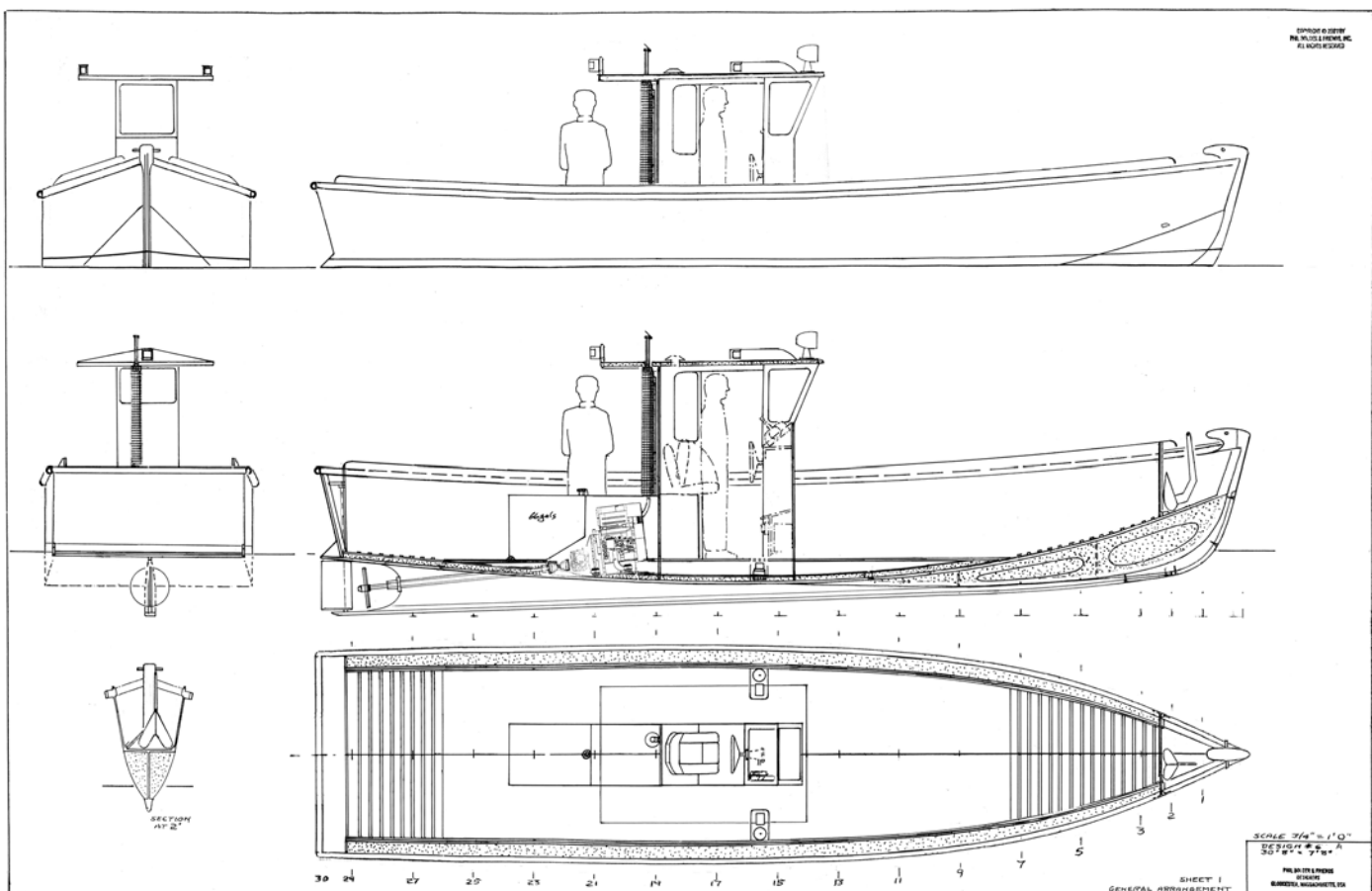
Study #3

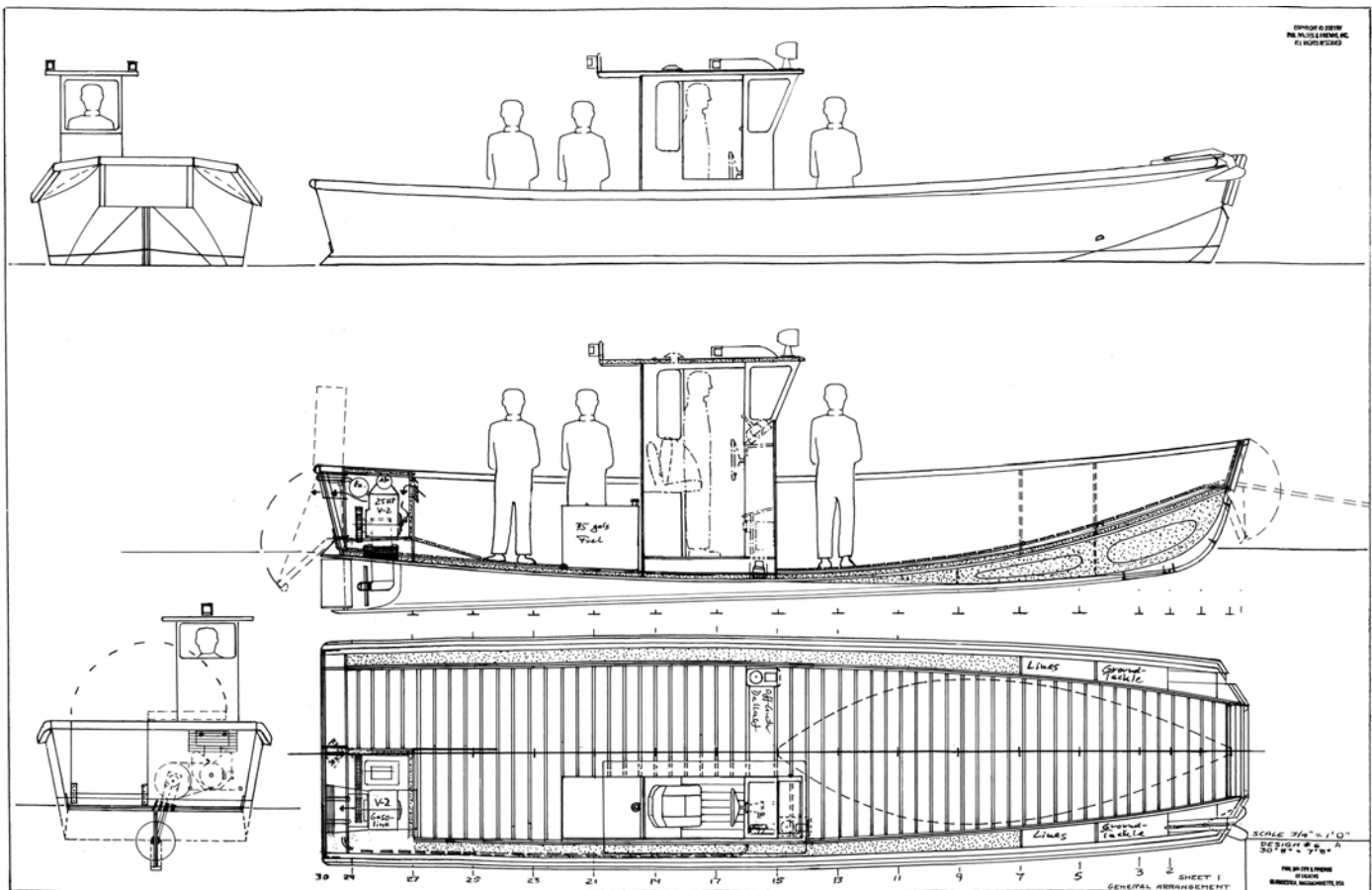




Study #8

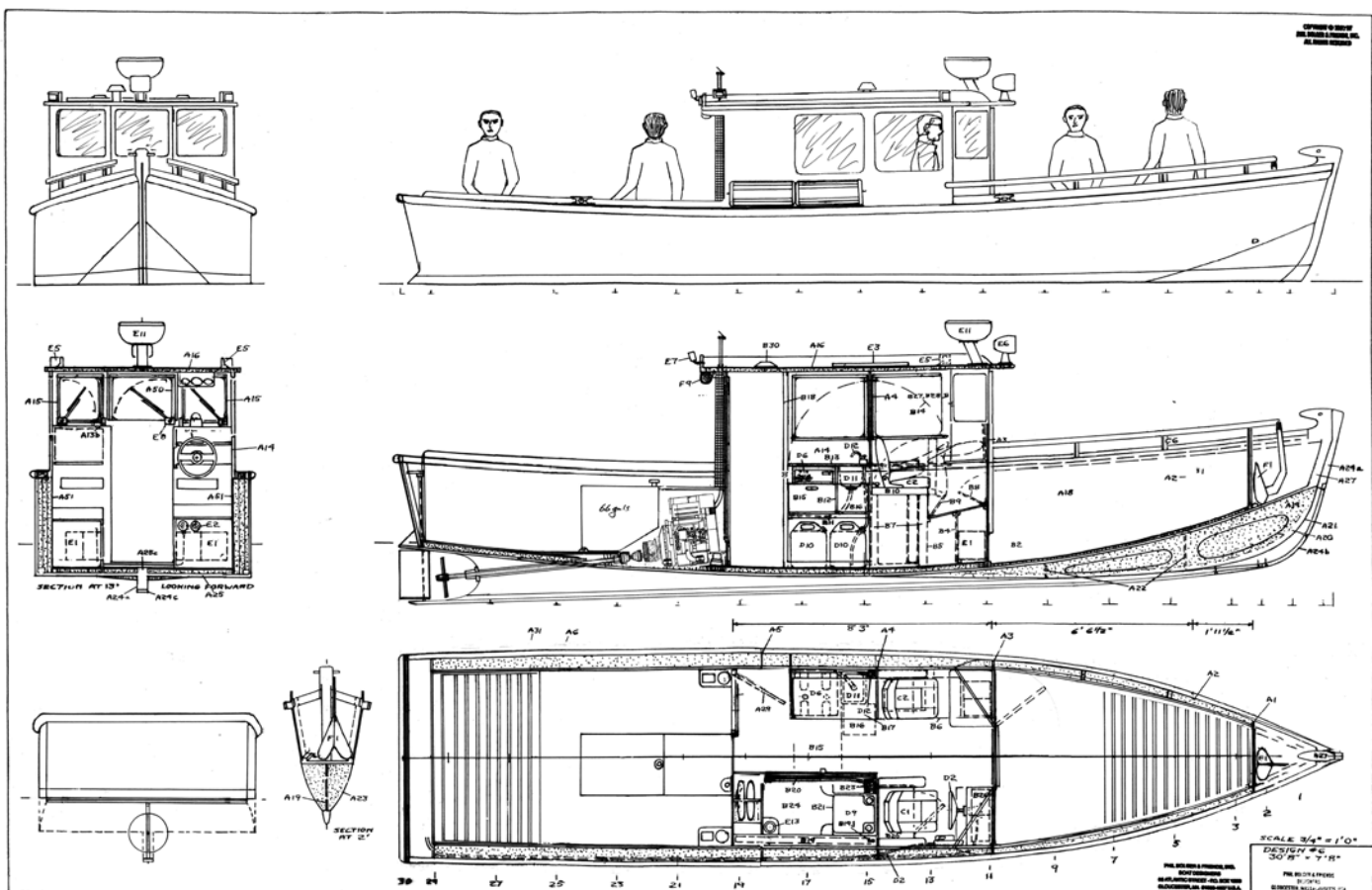
Study #9





Study #10

Study #11



The editors of the *US Naval Institute Proceedings* pose a question and then print selected responses on the last page entitled "Asked & Answered." The May 2021 issue had the responses to the question of under-appreciated or no longer existing military occupations or ratings. Two of the selected responses were on the pigeons and signaling. One rating was the naval pigeon trainer. The Homing Pigeon Service was a backup in the early 1900s in case wireless telegraphy between ships was lost. While researching on this occupation, I found that the US Coast Guard's Project Sea Hunt used pigeons in search and rescue operations.

The Project Sea Hunt used the excellent eyesight of pigeons to locate objects (usually the orange of life jackets and life rafts) on the water in the late '70s and early '80s. The trained pigeons would "peck" on a key if they saw such an object on the water and the key pecked would tell the helicopter pilot which way to turn and the crew where to look. The process was reported to be accurate better than 90% on the first pass (better than the human observers). Technology improved and the use of pigeons by the Navy and Coast Guard was discontinued and with it the rating of pigeonier.

The rating of signalman was combined into the quartermaster rating and there are few sailors proficient in signal flags, semaphore and Morse code (signal lamps at night). I learned to use the semaphore and Morse code while working on a Boy Scout merit badge and became rather good at both. Signal flags take a number of people working together to be hoisted in the proper sequence and retrieved. Then someone is needed who can "read" the message displayed by the flags being flown. While there are less than 30 flags used, the combinations are numerous.

For more information go to Naval flag signaling in Wikipedia, and for commercial flags try "Meanings of International Maritime Signal Flags" <www.anbg.gov.au>.

Semaphore signaling was an alternative to the use of flags in terms of manpower needed to send and receive in good visibility. In both instances the providers of the selected answers stressed the use of pigeons and signal flags in the event of disruption of current electronic communications.

According to an article in the June/July issue of *Professional Mariner* (pp 11-12), NOAA is moving forward with its conversion to all electronic charts. NOAA expects to complete the conversion of the 1,700 charts by January 2025. If users wish, the electronic chart can be downloaded and printed via <devigs.charttools.noaa.gov/pod>. Or you can do what I do, "box" in the area and save the image to the clipboard, paste it into my graphics program and then print.

If your boat's engine is below the cockpit, do you have an installed fire suppression system and is it in proper condition to work when needed? What brings this to mind is the number of engine fires I read about that cause much damage to the vessel because there is no interior fire suppression system ready to be used.

My two Sisu boats had the engine under a cover right there beside me at the helm. If something went wrong I would know it immediately. There was a fire extinguisher on the outside of the cabin within reach and another inside the cabin. I thought about putting a port in the engine cover on one of the boats that could be opened and the extinguishing agent



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

sprayed into the engine area without opening the cover, but I did not do so.

Another aspect of the engine under the cockpit is the possible need for a smoke detector, alerting that there may be a problem before the flames come up through the cockpit covering. While I am a great believer in the KISS principle, I also believe that "out of sight should not be out of mind" which can lead to problems. While a fire suppression system and a smoke detector are two more items that need maintenance, they can be critical to safe boat operation.

Losing the rudder can cause problems in terms of control. Also, if it is a spade rudder there is now a rather large hole in the bottom of the boat. With a sailboat it is sometimes possible to steer the boat using the sails alone. It is a tactic that needs some practice and might not work in some wind conditions.

One time I was at the helm of a Morgan 22 sailing under spinnaker when the tiller seemed to have no connection to the rudder blade. Looking over the stern showed that there was no rudder blade below the cheeks of the kickup rudder assembly. The aluminum blade had broken clean off. We carefully sailed the boat back toward the harbor and used the outboard motor to get back to the float. Another time, when racing, the entire top gudgeon/pintle combination pulled out of the transom (my error in steering). Since I was on a catamaran, I pulled in the pieces and steered the boat with the other rudder.

On an inboard powerboat the options are more limited and a call for assistance may be needed. I had the hydraulic ram fail on my Sisu 22, which meant I could turn to starboard but not to port, so I came in to the float very carefully. A nice factor with both the Sisu 22 and the Sisu 26 was that the bottom of the rudder was supported by a metal plate (skeg) bolted to the keel as part of the propeller protection. This meant that the rudder would stay in place under most circumstances and not fall out from the boat if the upper retainers failed.

However, when it came time to replace the Cutlass shaft bearing, the rudder was in the way. After reviewing the options, the mechanic carefully removed the rudder post containment so the rudder shaft could be moved up and to one side. This allowed the rudder to be moved from its bearing point on the skeg and Cutlass bearing pulled and replaced.

One of my interesting projects when I was doing boat repair was a stringer that was "soft" when I squeezed it with my hand. I cut it open and found that the wood underneath the fiberglass coating was rotted and wet. The water had seeped in and could not evaporate because of the fiberglass coating. Many years ago I was told by a builder of fiberglass boats that fiberglass was water resistant, not waterproof. I guess this factor is why some people's boats had blisters along the hull.

When I was a Station MORC Handicap Measurer I attended a workshop where

we were informed that a large sailboat could absorb up to 20% of its initial weight over time. Some of the boats I measured would be as much as 100lbs heavier than they had been the previous time they were weighed as part of the measurement process. One can get the same "wet wood" problem in a transom if some of the fittings fastened to (or through) it leaked. For the above reasons, I made sure that the engine blocks on my Sisu boats were painted, not fiberglass covered, on their tops.

If your boat's autopilot is tied into the boat's GPS, a problem may develop if the GPS reading is in error. Will the autopilot "do its thing" if the GPS is disconnected and/or turned off? You may want to check this question out on your boat if the GPS and autopilot are connected and the autopilot relies on the GPS reading to steer the boat.

Also, while you are at it, does your electronic chart system work if there is no GPS signal? What brings the above to mind are articles I am reading on possible GPS problems in the near future with the additional stress on available bandwidths and possible overlap with the GPS used frequencies. There have also been reports of boats alliding with marked shoals (i.e., US minesweeper in the Pacific) because of reliance on the electronics and no one keeping a "proper lookout" of their surroundings.

One of the reasons I bring up the possible problems with compatibility of the electronics on a boat is my background in computers. I started off in the 1960s with mainframes and keypunch cards. I migrated to CP/M, then to DOS and finally Windows. I spent about ten years in hardware and software acquisition, installation and support before I switched to GIS for my last ten years of employment.

The word "upgrade" still gives me a feeling of concern. Will the upgrade be compatible with the existing (and operational) system in place? Sometimes the answer was "No" and a good deal of time and effort would be expended to fix the problem(s) caused by the upgrade.

When IBM had a near monopoly on personal computers, any upgrades were compatible with the existing IBM equipment. Once the market opened up to other brands it was a new environment and such can be the case with all the electronic options offered today. I also remember the report on an integrated pilot display panel that failed while a plane was in flight. The pilot brought it successfully back to a safe landing using the non electrical display information that was still installed on the plane.



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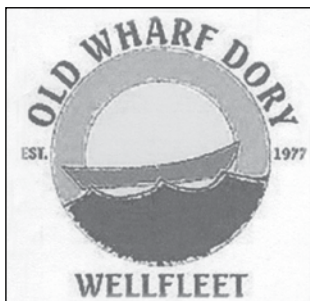


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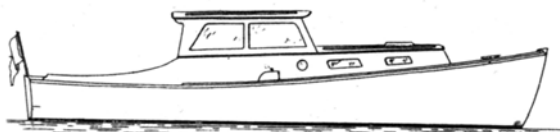
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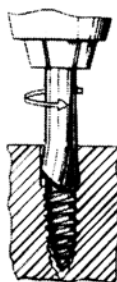
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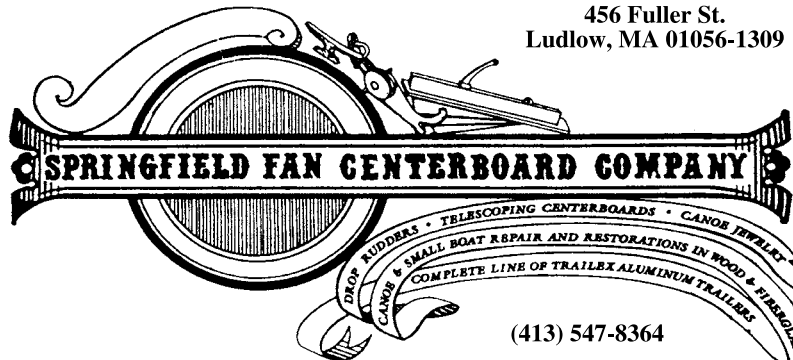
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By 2006 her running and standing rigging had been replaced, she had received new sails, a roller furling jib and a main Stack Pack furling system. All her lines lead aft so sails can be raised and lowered without leaving the cockpit. Below deck improvements include a new head and holding tank and a new fuel tank. All work was professionally done and maintenance records are available for review.

In the fall of 2019 *Dulcinea's* brightwork was re-varnished, a new cutlass bearing was installed and she was placed under shrinkwrap at Parker's Boatyard on Cape Cod. Unfortunately, medical issues now prevent us from sailing her. *Dulcinea* is a strong, safe and stable boat that is well equipped for day sails and weekend overnights. She can teach big boat handling skills to dinghy sailors or provide safe single-handed coastal cruising experiences to someone older who still wants to go out on the water. She is ready to sail and comes with life jackets line, fenders cushions all aboard. \$6,000.

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Boatbuilding in Covid. This is David, I owned half of AGB with Steve for 14 years. All of AGB for 1 year and then all of it to Justin and Ian for \$2. They had NO money. Ian had to loan Justin his one dollar buy in. After I accepted it I gave them back their \$2. But I took one back from Justin and returned it to Ian.

Then I had to figure how to make it happen. The boys, as we call them, make far more than Steve or I ever made. They also have given health insurance to themselves and their employees. Something we NEVER had. They are much more profitable than we ever were. ("much more" in that they

make a reasonable living for a horrible amount of work. Maybe 2 or 3 days off each year. Erin says, "You Will be here for my birthday, and for Sadie and Maddox's" Justin says, I'm assuming, "Yes dear." When I asked Justin how Covid changed their business, he wrote No help (we can't find anyone) Seats, hinges, rope, boat blocks and most all supplies were held up due to closed factories. We can't find ROPE. Oh, geez. ROPE. We automated to an extent with a huge CNC router. (Thank God for Randy O.)

Delivering boats was a huge problem. Expensive and hard to find drivers. Our ability to not make everyone happy. Ian and I had a real hard time with feeling like we couldn't fulfill everyone's requests. Costs of all supplies went up 10-30% I'm sure I'll think of more.....

In I think Feb of last 2021...the boys had \$155,000 of completed orders. Not completed boats, orders, cash in hand. But they had no seats and no seat backs. NONE. How to you deliver a boat with no seats? You don't. Eventually they had to give all of that money back. Maybe some of it returned....but not all. And there were many many disappointed customers. Fortunately, nobody else could sell them boats either. Finally Justin and Ian did such a brilliant thing. They went to their seat supplier and asked how they were doing for money. Preston said, "You're joking right?" Justin said that they weren't. I don't know if Preston turned his pockets inside out but that was more or less the message. Justin said, "I'm going to pay you for the next 2 years of seats and seat backs." Preston lunged for the check. But Justin said, "But I need 500 seats tomorrow." And he got his seats, as in TOMORROW. Justin said (I keep saying Justin, just because he is the one with whom I have contact. I learned long ago, to leave Ian out is to be half stupid.) Justin said they had so many seats they couldn't build boats. And they're off and running. Who knows what the state of affairs will be in a month. I know the boys make gorgeous boats. When I owned half of the company our warranty was, "If we did it wrong, we'll do it right. And, most likely, if YOU did it wrong we'll still do it right. Maybe at no charge."

I recall someone calling in with an 8 year old warranty issue. I asked what was going on. He told me and I asked for a picture. He sent the picture and I replied, "What you have isn't a warranty problem, what you have is a porcupine problem." It was eating the combing strip around each end of the boat. I do forensic rodent dental exams. Did we repair his boat for free? Yes we did.